

SAMARA

1937



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"

Brownfag

Dear Elmwoodians,

As another school year draws to a close, I find myself deeply grateful that we have made some progress towards developing at Elmwood worthwhile values in the world of today.

Our School motto, "Success is naught; endeavour's all" has had practical application. Many of you have tried sincerely to develop to the best of your ability the talents you possess. Even though your results have not always measured up, you have made a beginning. Your effort will not go for naught.

Our Friday afternoon discussion groups have seen you busiest with problems of Current Events, Drama, Music, Art and Philosophy. I have felt your young minds searching for truth, and I have been reminded of the words cut in stone over the entrance of the College I attended years ago, "shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free".

To get a glimpse over the wall, to shed a pin-prick of light on the riddle of the universe, is what men down through the ages have been struggling to do. This takes vision. May you have the vision of Elmwood's purpose. May you realize the opportunity that is yours to make the vision a reality.

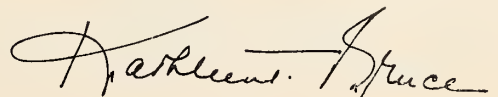
William Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, explains the purpose of the present day in these words: "Now is arising on a scale never before seen in the world the Christian fellowship which extends into almost every nation and binds the citizens of them together in true unity and mutual love: it is the great new fact of our era". I feel that in a small way, we too have taken steps in this direction.

It is an adventure to be a Christian. It is an adventure in faith or in confidence. It means the arrival at the conviction that you *can* succeed. You must believe in yourself. You must be willing to pay the price of self-discipline day after day. You must believe that your little bit counts, that whatever talents have been given you are for some purpose. I am bold enough to think that God needs each one of us, from the student who stands last in the class to the one who heads the list. He needs us to give back to Him, in whatever way we can, the talent He has given us. When we have the confidence that He is behind us and will guide us in all we do, then and only then, will we realize the necessity for self-denial in unnecessary things that we may finally stand like towers when everything rocks around us and when our weaker companions are blown with every blast.

Finally, as you search for knowledge, may you acquire wisdom, remembering that true wisdom comes only with reverence for God.

If you keep these thoughts before you as you search for truth, indeed you shall know the truth that will set you free and you will be worthy daughters of your beloved school.

Sincerely and affectionately,



Editorial

AND so another year has passed and if we look back on it we may see our many achievements and our few failures. We all *do* make mistakes, but the most important thing is that we must learn by them. We all strive to better ourselves, but what have we done for our neighbours? Have we tried to better their lot by a smile or a kind word or an act of helpfulness? When we stop to think of all we have, we sometimes overlook those people who live in other parts of the world and are not so fortunate as ourselves.

Our homeland has never been torn in two by civil war in which brother fights brother. We have never had to flee from our homes and seek refuge in another country far away among unknown people whose language and customs are so new to us that we are bewildered and lost.

Therefore, in our land of happiness and freedom, let us be aware of the gifts which God has so bountifully bestowed upon us, and be grateful and thankful. More important, let us try to help those not so fortunate as ourselves, and each in his own way, pray to God that all men may be free and happy.

And so let us try to live up to those ideals for which so many men are fighting today, and for which so many men have died: "peace and freedom, unity and love."

In Memoriam

It is with regret that we announce the passing of Mr. Clement H. Buck.

Mr. Buck, the husband of our former Headmistress, for over thirty years from the earliest days of Elmwood was a familiar figure at school functions. The young boarders thought of him as the Father of Elmwood, to whom they could take their problems. Often he was seen walking with the girls and, in his quiet unassuming way, talking with them and helping them to untangle their confused ideas. In the business line he was a tower of strength to the school, in a very practical way. Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Buck in her bereavement.

Head Girl. Prefects and House Seniors

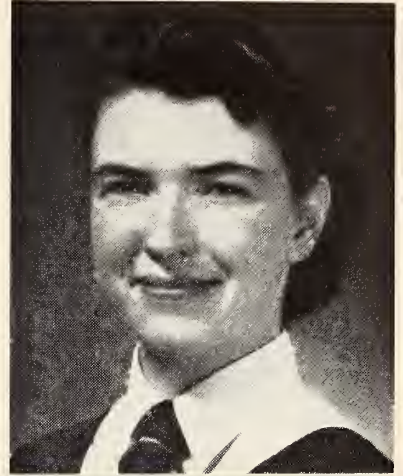
Esther Prudham:

"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee."

This year Esther has fulfilled the most difficult and trying role of head girl with capability and a most pleasant manner despite the many trials she has had to cope with. On top of it all she has come out with high marks. How do you do it, Esther?

Always willing to help, Esther participates in all house activities, and Nightingale is lucky to have had her.

Next year plans to see Esther at either Carleton or University of Alberta. The best of luck and thank you, Esther.



Sue Belcourt:

*"She is what she is,
What better report?—
A student, a friend,
A very good sport."*

Sue, better known as "Belch" is one of our most attractive prefects this year. Although she is usually very quiet, Sue takes part in many extra-curricular activities, including house plays (in which she did an excellent job), and editing the school magazine. Belch's pet aversions are Elvis Pretzel and "The Bats at Blue Sea Lake."

Sue's off to McGill next year to major in Political Science and History, and we all know she is sure to be a big success, for she always gets along with everybody. All the best of luck, Sue . . .



Carol Bruce:

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Carol is the artist amongst the prefects and is a favourite among all of us. Since she lives near the school, we all take advantage of her hospitality but love visiting her. Her charming smile and amusing quips draw us to her.

Carol participates in house and sports activities, and she is also attracted to the Mounted Police. Who's the lucky man, Carol?

Next year Carol is following in her mother's footsteps by becoming a teacher, and she will most certainly succeed.





Gail Dochstader:

"Where innocence is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise".

Gail has this year been one of our favourite prefects, always gay and understanding. Wherever there is trouble, she is sure to be there—patching things up, of course!

Our tiny (?) prefect has had this spring a strange fascination for the town of Carleton Place, goodness knows why? Gail has done a wonderful job on the dance committee and we all owe her our thanks.

For this summer Gail has enlisted in the Air Force, and may be seen marching smartly during drill at Uplands or identifying aircraft—friend or foe.

Gail is undecided as to her future but, knowing Gail, we feel that everything will turn out for the best. We shall all miss her infectious laugh, but wish her all the luck in the world.



Helena von Numers:

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

A most able (and intellectual) prefect, Helena hails from Finland and is extremely popular with all of us. What's more she can act, and very well too.

Helena was a deb this year, and has been terribly busy with all her parties and do's. Yet with all these activities she found time to play the leading role in "I Remember Mama". Need we mention that she had a lot of school work also, as she is taking Senior Matric.

In the fall Carleton will be lucky to receive through her portals our Helena, and we know she will continue in her bright, happy and efficient way.



Vicky Brain:

"All the great people are dying off, and I don't feel so well myself."

Vicky, commonly known as "Vic", is the enthusiastic head of Nightingale. She has also made a wonderful prefect. And on top of it all she has made a habit of writing a weekly column for the Campus Page of the Ottawa News-papers. This year Vicky took an active interest in the Dramatic Club, but in spite of all her extra-curricular activities and *outside interests* she is able to succeed in achieving high marks. With Vic in the school there is never a dull moment!! What more need be said?

Next year it will be Elmwood's loss but Carleton's gain, for after so many years, the incomparable Vicky is leaving us. All the best, Vic!

Frances Cabeldu:

*"She's little and she's wise;
She's a terror for her size."*

Franny has done a very competent job this year as head of Fry. She has taken part in the tennis, badminton, and basketball teams and is fast moving in all sports—particularly tennis—how she handles a racquet! Need we ask more?

For the summer vacation Franny is going up to Merrywood as counsellor for junior boys. We hear that next year she is going to McGill to take Physical and Occupational Therapy, in which we all wish her the best of luck.

Besides McGill, Franny has a life-long ambition to go to "Holland." "Mike" I ask why?

She has left her permanent mark upon this school and for this Fran will never be forgotten. Thank you and au revoir, Fran.

**Sandra Drew:**

*"A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and way-lay."*

If, before the late bell, you should hear the screech of brakes and see a be-tuned figure dash into prayers in the nick of time, you know San has arrived. Although punctuality is not her strongest point you can be sure she will be on time when there is an argument in the offing.

San is head of Keller and is a strong contender for the House Shield. She is well liked and respected among the student body and has a keen sense of responsibility in her position.

Although her family is moving to Toronto in the early summer, we'll gamble that Sandra will spend most of her time in Ottawa before and, most probably, during her next school year.

San is off to the hallowed halls of McGill to carve herself a future in Political Science in the fall, and although we'll all miss her cheery smile we wish her the best of luck. Arrivederci and all that sort of thing, San!



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FRY HOUSE



KELLER HOUSE



NIGHTINGALE HOUSE



A GAIN this year the majority of Fry House have been intermediates. We were glad to welcome all newcomers throughout the year to join us in our endeavour to live up to the house motto, "Friendship to all."

At Christmas we were pleased, after a stiff fight, to have placed first in the House Collections. Although we came third in the House Plays, we enjoyed presenting "Lady Rosa". Helena von Numers and Gail Lacharity are to be congratulated on receiving special mention for their acting.

In spite of the effort of our enthusiastic sports captain, Heather Petrie, Fry was not too successful in the sports field. However we hope to do better in the badminton tournament and on sports day.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the girls in Fry for all their cooperation and help.

Head of House, prefect—Frances Cabeldu.

Prefect—Helena von Numers.

Monitors—Heather Petrie, Pat Slemmon, Di Fraser, Jean Garvock.

Sports Captain—Heather Petrie.

Basketball Team:

Forwards: Penny Devlin, Jean Garvock, Pam Moore, Di Fraser, Frances Cabeldu.

Guards: Ellie Patrick, Sue Petrie, Di Manion, Heather Petrie, Ruthie Petrie.

House Members

(See picture)—Back row: Margo Hay, Lauretta Landymore, Penny Devlin, Catherine McIlraith, Sue Garland, Joanna Garland, Pat Gillies, Julie Newsome, Pam Cawdron, Pam Moore, Thale Gunneng. Middle row: Gail Lacharity, Di Manion, Eleanor Patrick, Linda Peden, Helena von Numers (prefect), Frances Cabeldu (House Head), Leslie Allen, Sue Petrie, Holly Ryan, Heather Petrie. Front row: Jean Garvock, Margaret Laidler, Nancy Storms, Laragh Neelin, Ruth Petrie, Jane McTavish, Linda Chauvin, Elsa Frayne. Missing: Pat Slemmon, Di Fraser, Carole Connolly.



THIS year Keller house welcomed to its ranks the addition of many new girls.

With added enthusiasm, we upheld the spirit of the house throughout the school terms.

Our entry into the sportsfield ended in victory in volleyball and basketball. We lost however in soccer and softball—but then one can't win everything. Lynne Castonguay, our house sports captain, triumphed as senior singles badminton champion, and added prestige to the house by winning the Junior City under-sixteen badminton championships.

In the inter-house drama competition, Keller entered "The Monkey's Paw", an eerie ghost story adapted from the short story written by Somerset Maugham. Even though we did not win, we ran a very close second to Nightingale.

The House Collections were not as successful as other years, but we managed to collect many useful articles. The produce of the collections were sent to the Hungarian Relief Fund.

Keller, on the whole has been successful this year, and we hope that it will continue to maintain this standard in the future.

Head of House: Sandra Drew

Prefects: Carolyn Bruce, Susan Belcourt

Monitors: Frances Drury, Lynne Castonguay, Rosemary Findlay

Sports Captain: Lynne Castonguay

Basketball Team

Forwards: Jean Cundill, Rosemary Findlay, Lynne Castonguay

Guards: Joan Grier, Mary Gratias, Sue Campbell, Susan Southam, Carolyn Bruce.

House Members

(See picture)—Back row: Kit Sampson, Sheila Haughton, Mary Findlay, Frances Drury, Lynne Castonguay, Susan Belcourt (prefect), Sandra Drew (House Head), Carolyn Bruce (prefect), Rosemary Findlay, Sue Campbell, Jean Newman, Nancy Scott. Middle row: Heather Hyndman, J. A. Hair, Merida Woodburn, Louise Hayley, Susan Southam, Effie Malamaki, Pam Broome, Bonnie Volk, Candace Higginson, Cydney Harrigan, Carolyn Strauss, Joan Brown. Front row: Wendy Blackburn, Katherine Connolly, Joan Berry, Marjorie MacNeill, Joan Grier, Mary Gratias, Jane Inskip, Martha Rodger, Jane Rowley, Sherril Ansley. Missing: Jean Cundill.



THIS year, Nightingale House welcomed nine new members to swell the ranks and provide much hilarity, especially among the grade nine contingent, The house got off to a rousing start with enthusiastic

preparations for the house collections, (which went this year to the Hungarian Relief Fund), and finished a close second, losing by a single point to Fry. However, we soon recouped that loss by winning the house

plays for the first time since 1953, with our presentation of "Suppressed Desires", a modern comedy by Susan Glaspell. The cast was small, comprising only three members, but it was backed by every girl in the house; some contributed in the form of scenery; others gave advice, and many provided the harrassed director with much-needed moral support.

In general, we did better in sports this year. Under the energetic guidance of Bonnie Wood, Nightingale came first in the soccer and junior badminton tournaments, and placed second in the volleyball and basketball contests. (Well, you can't win *all* the time!) In addition to the inter-house competitions, we were also well represented on the various school teams.

Head of House, prefect—Victoria Brain

Head Girl: Esther Prudham

Prefect: Gail Dochstader

Monitors: Susannah Clarke, Renée Darricades, Sheena Ewing, Judy Wilson, Bonnie Wood

School Sports Captain: Sally Sadler

House Sports Captain: Bonnie Wood

Basketball Team:

Forwards: Sally Sadler, Linda Redpath, Judy Ewing, Wendy Dochstader, Judy Dowd.

Guards: Lesley Galt, Katie Schell, Sarah Jennings, Bonnie Wood.

House Members

(See Picture)—Back row: Ruth Wansbrough, Elisabeth von Schelle, Connie Rae, Bonnie Wood, Gail Dochstader (prefect), Vicky Brain (House Head), Esther Prudham (Head Girl), Judy Wilson, Sue Clarke, Joan Francis, Sarah Jennings. Middle row: Renée Darricades, Elizabeth Bratton, Judy Dowd, Sue Hamilton, Judy Ewing, Julia Kingstone, Carolyn Tough, Beverley Mitchell, Lesley Galt, Sally Sadler. Front row: Louise Bowie, Linda Redpath, Ginny Mackie, Sandra Moffat, Sandra McNaughton, Katie Schell, Mary Watt, Judy Toller, Heather Hayley, Wendy Dochstader. Missing: Sheena Ewing.



HEADS OF HOUSES
Sandra Drew, Frances Cabeldu, Vicky Brain



SCHOOL

Notes

Junior Choir

On the occasional Wednesday morning we are pleased to see, as we walk into prayers, the Junior choir. As prayers progress the girls help us in the singing of the hymn. Later on they sing one of their special hymns, usually about Our Lord as a child. We are always happy to hear the little choir and hope they will continue in this way next year.

Junior Hallowe'en Party

Goblins and witches rode out in full style on Hallowe'en afternoon when the Juniors came dressed as everyone from Little Bo Peep to an old-fashioned lady. Everyone played games and finished the wonderful afternoon off with a most delicious tea. Let's hope next Hallowe'en is as much fun as this year's.

Public Speaking Contest

On Thursday, April 18, we assembled in the gym to spend a very enjoyable morning at the annual Public Speaking Contest. The contestants were chosen by their class teachers as the outstanding speakers from each form. There was a great variety of topics, given by competent speakers, so that the interest of the audience did not waver. There were contestants of every age and grade, ranging from the smallest girls in the school to Senior Matriculants.

Mrs. Meiklejohn was the adjudicator, and we all awaited her decisions with anticipation. The winners were: Junior—Penny Madgwick; Intermediate—Marjorie Feller; Senior—Thale Gunneng. Honourable mention was given to Marilyn Ross and Audrey Loeb of the Juniors, Rita Browning of the Intermediates, and

Katherine Schell, Susan Belcourt and Sheena Ewing of the Seniors.

Senior Hallowe'en Party

Witches, hobgoblins, spooks and black cats stared down at me from all the walls as I entered the gym. One of the first things I noticed was that we had two Elvis Presley's, with hound dogs, guitars, sideburns and all. When everyone had arrived the grand march began, and we paraded around the room so the judges could see the varied assortment of costumes. There was everything from a clothesline to Liberace's girl friend.

Next came the entertainment. The highlight of this year's party were two special guests, Geoff Scott and Richard Little. They amused us no end with their impressions of everyone from Ed Sullivan to Kate Aitkin. Then came the home talent; the teachers sang a very funny song and some of the classes performed skits. Later we had a delicious supper thanks to Miss Hunt and Mrs. Cameron. All in all, it was a most successful Hallowe'en party.

Winter House Dance

When the snows of winter again covered the ground, our thoughts turned to revelling late o' nights. The answer? — Elmwood's February House Dance, held on February 2nd. The evening's programme was varied, with spot dances, elimination dances, and even a "Mexican Hat Dance". The gym as usual was beautifully decorated, this time with red and white streamers and hearts befitting the coming festival. (Any reference to Fisher Park or R.M.C. colours was entirely unintentional?)

We were very fortunate in having Rich Little and Geoff Scott do some of their always entertaining impressions, especially a rousing rendition of "Did You Evah" from High Society. Refreshments were supplied by the Mothers' Guild. The dance ended about twelve o'clock after a highly enjoyable evening.

Elmwood Formal

The night of February 22 at the Country Club on the Aylmer Road, Elmwood School held its annual formal dance. The evening began with the traditional receiving line, made up of our headmistress, Mrs. Bruce, Madame Krupka, our head girl, Esther Prudham and her escort.

Then the guests danced to the excellent music of Alec Dawson who played music ranging from waltzes to sambas. A few dances were for prizes, and to out-do us all, Mrs. Edwards won the prize for the elimination dance. Later in the evening we had supper and enjoyed it immensely. The unending supply of punch and coke throughout the evening was very much appreciated by all.

The evening ended with a flourish of horn blowing and balloon bursting and the slow departure of the guests. After this year's successful formal we'll be looking forward to next year's with great anticipation.

Carleton College Day

On January 31 the upper forms of Ashbury and Elmwood arrived at Carleton College feeling somewhat timid and perhaps even a little awe struck at the prospect of spending the morning at college.

A week before, Dr. McLeish, the registrar of Carleton, had visited Elmwood to arrange with the girls the lectures which they wished to attend. Each girl was given the choice of two hour-long lectures from such interesting subjects as English, Science, History, or Political Science. After, or between the lectures, depending on her schedule, each girl had one free hour to spend touring the library, the canteen, and the Student Union Building, which were found with a little help from the co-operative college students.

At one o'clock we assembled in the College

auditorium for a very enjoyable luncheon, after which we heard from Dr. Bissell, Mr. Perry of Ashbury, and the president of the Carleton College Students' Union.

A few Elmwood girls, so filled with enthusiasm for the various aspects of college life, even spent the afternoon at a very interesting (?) engineering lecture.

And so ended the first day at college for the girls in the Matriculation classes at Elmwood, now readier than ever to tackle the exams which will lead the way to an exciting few years in college.

Senior Library

This year has shown a renewed interest, on the part of the girls, in reading. This is largely due to the many new books the library acquired last year. We would like to thank the Mothers' Guild for its wonderful contribution, and especially Mrs. W. M. Landymore and Mrs. Charles Jennings, who spent so many hours cataloguing and choosing books. We hope that next year will again show an improved interest in the library and that more new books will be added to stimulate this interest.

We would also like to thank Miss Reed, our staff librarian, for all her help, especially during examinations when she took over entirely.

Here is to the end of an extremely successful year and to even greater success in the future!

Choir

The choir this year is a small twelve compared to last year's twenty-two. We are under the direction of Miss Danhof and Miss Barr. At Christmas, we contributed our small part in the Christmas Concert, singing "Coventry Carol" and "Love came down at Christmas", a song in rounds. The people in the Choir are:

Altos

Jane MacTavish
Susie Southam
Kathy Connolly
Lesley Galt
Katie Schell
Carolyn Strauss

Sopranos

Linda Chauvin
Trudy Johnston
Candace Higginson
Julie Newsome
Julia Kingstone

Club Notes

This year brought new extra-curricular activities into the time-table in the form of clubs. Four clubs were laid out for the Junior School, grades one to eight inclusive, and five

clubs for the Senior School. Each student chose her club at the end of the first school week, and meetings were held on Friday afternoons.

JUNIOR CLUBS

The Junior Drama Club

The Junior Drama Club is a group of girls chosen from four forms in the Lower School to study the theatre and to put on a small play for the school at the end of the term. The forms from which the girls come are 4C to 4A. Just now the Drama Club consists of ten girls.

At the moment of writing the Club is rehearsing for a little play called "Harlequinade" in which the characters are, the hero Pierrot, the heroine Columbine and the villain Harlequin. The play was originally a ballet and came from France.

The producer, Mrs. Davis, is making an effort to get the play on its feet, so that the rest of the school can see it before the end of the year.

The club meets in the last two periods of the week on Friday.

The Crafts Club

The Crafts Club is directed by Miss Danhof and consists of about ten people. The members are mainly from Lower and Upper 4B and 4C. During the previous two terms we have made such things as soft toys, dolls, raffia mats, baskets, weaving, lamp shades and string puppets.

Sewing Club

The Sewing Club is held every Friday afternoon during the last two periods in the 4A classroom. Miss Hunt is our sewing mistress and has come up with some wonderful ideas for the year. We have made slippers out of face cloths, doll's nightgowns, tatting and smoking and we have enjoyed doing them all.

We have six members in our club. They are Margot Toller, our horsewoman, Wendy

Cromar who has a very good talent for sewing, Sheila MacTavish, our good baseball player, Rita Browning whose dog appears in nearly all her compositions, Joan Brown who is always hoping to go home for the weekend. Then we have the youngest member of our Club, Julie Blackburn who can sew very well indeed.

We have had a very nice sewing year and we have learned some very helpful things for when we get to be old ladies.

Music Club

Due to the decision to have Clubs every Friday afternoon, we now have a regular Music Club. Before Christmas there was a Junior and a Senior Club but now we have joined together to form one big club. The reason for this is that we are going to be putting on the Operetta "Hansel and Gretel" with Leslie Galt, Katie Schell, Linda Chauvin, and Kathy Connolly taking the leading parts. Wish us luck!

Our thanks to Mrs. EddeIsten and Miss Barr!

SENIOR CLUBS

Current Events Club

Every Friday afternoon at ten minutes to three the Current Events Club meets in the 5A classroom to discuss the events of the week under the very capable hands of Mrs. Wilgress. At our first meeting in the fall our officers were elected as follows: President, Carol Bruce; Vice-president, Judy Wilson and Secretary, Thale Gunneng.

During the year we have managed to cover topics ranging from the Suez crisis to Paris fashions. Mrs. Wilgress having travelled greatly is able to give us important little de-



MONITORS

Front row: B. Wood, R. Findlay, R. Darricades, F. Drury, L. Castonguay.
Back row: S. Ewing, P. Slemon, S. Clarke, J. Wilson, J. Garvock, H. Petrie.

tails on our subjects, thus making our discussions more interesting. Although our arguments and enthusiastic discussions have not solved any great world problems, I think everyone has gained a greater knowledge of world affairs from our weekly groups this year.

The Dramatic Club

This year's dramatic Club was very successful. Under the direction of Mrs. Meiklejohn we attempted a new type of school play; it was a full length two-act play, which was about the biggest job we have ever tackled. The play was entitled "I Remember Mama" by John Van Druten. Helena Von Numers and Katy Schell both gave excellent performances as Mama and Katrine (the narrator) respectively. Although there were

a few groans about Saturday morning rehearsals, it was all worth it in the end as the final performance went over very well.

Senior Philosophy Club

Every Friday afternoon you can find us, the Senior Philosophy Club, in the senior classroom. Under the able leadership of Mrs. Bruce, we discuss many and varied subjects.

We all find great pleasure in the discussion of strange religions, and although we have representatives of many different Christian creeds, we freely discuss Christianity and the pros and cons of our differences. Throughout the last two terms we have gotten great help and guidance from Mr. C. S. Lewis' "Mere Christianity". We all want to thank Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Edwards for their enthusiastic leadership of our club.

Junior Philosophy Club

Due to the great interest in Philosophy during the first term, the Junior Philosophy Club was formed after Christmas for the girls of 5C and 5B. It was organized under the leadership of Miss Carruthers and Miss Reed with a membership of seventeen.

The purpose of the club is to discuss philosophical ideas of the Christian religion. As we have representatives of the four major Christian Churches in Canada we have many varied ideas offered for discussion.

We have discussed many interesting topics this year. The first topic we defined was Reality. Then we discussed God and Man and their relationship to each other. While discussing Man, we touched on soul, personality and character. Our last topic was Jesus Christ and his relationship to God and Man. In the future we are going to talk about Good and Evil, the Holy Spirit, and the Sacraments.

Our aim is not to arrive at a conclusion, but to have everybody express her own ideas so that we may gain a better understanding of our religion.

Special Art

Friday afternoon arrives and in the art room many voices are heard debating on what

type of drawing or painting will be done today; still life, figure drawing or abstract; pastels, paints or charcoal. Then the noise subsides as Mrs. Hazeland makes a suggestion which is agreeable to all. For an hour Mrs. Hazeland corrects, suggests, or sometimes watches in silence.

We all would like to thank Mrs. Hazeland for her expert help in art class and for many enjoyable Friday afternoons.

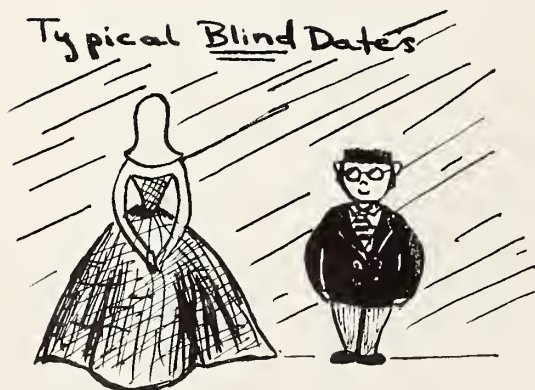
The Elmwood Public Speaking Club

Unfortunately, due to many reasons, the Public Speaking Club had a very short existence this year. However the time we did have was well used, thanks to the efforts of Miss Boyle and Miss Reed.

We learned a great deal not only about public speaking but also about election campaigns, the drawing up of constitutions and public meeting procedure. Shortly before Christmas, we elected a President, Vice-President and a secretary,—Vicky Brain, Esther Prudham and Laragh Neelin.

Once again our grateful thanks to Miss Boyle and Miss Reed, and let us hope we will have a chance to try again next year.

Typical Blind Dates





Soccer

On October eleventh our sports season started off with a triumph for Nightingale and a defeat for Fry. It was the first soccer game of the season, Nightingale defeating Fry 6-2, with Sally Sadler the high scorer for the winners. In the second game Nightingale won over Keller, 4-0, and in the third game Keller again took a beating, this time from Fry by a score of 3-2. But in the finals Nightingale once again pulled through against Fry and became the undefeated champions.

Volleyball

After the soccer we turned to Volleyball—this was somewhat of a new experience for most of us because we hadn't taken it too seriously before. It turned out to be more than a great success. In the first game Keller and Nightingale clashed, Keller proving to be the abler by winning 48-29, with Carol Bruce the high scorer.

In the second game, Fry was defeated by Nightingale to the tune of 42-28, and the third game saw poor old Fry trounced by Keller, 37-20. In the finals the undefeated Keller washed out Nightingale 41-22 with Lynne Castonguay the high scorer.

The highlight of the Volleyball season was the Staff vs Nightingale game. Although the staff was defeated 35-13, I'm sure they all enjoyed themselves, especially under the experienced refereeing of Mrs. Wilgress.

Basketball

This sport brought not only house games but also games against Kemptville, Arnprior, Nepean and Glebe, with Elmwood being defeated by all except Nepean, whom we defeated by a very large margin.

In house competition Keller won the school championship by defeating Nightingale. Both houses took a turn at defeating "poor ole Fry."

The annual "Old Girls' Game" was one of the most thrilling and amusing games in many years. The old girls were not just old girls from last year and the year before; some were from ten or more years ago. Even so, these spry (?) "old girls" were not able to defeat the skilled playing of the "young girls."

The "old girls" included such stars as Phyllis Mayburry, Di Boyd, B. J. Davis, Liliias Ahearn, Sheila Cabeldu, Cally Grant, Joan and Anne Maynard and Margaret Ann Barr.

Badminton

This year was the first year that Elmwood has taken competition outside the school quite seriously, and judging from various results, we all hope it will continue and expand in time. In Badminton we were especially lucky in that Lynne Castonguay is the "sixteen-and-under" Ottawa and District Champion, and Franny Cabeldu is the runner-up.



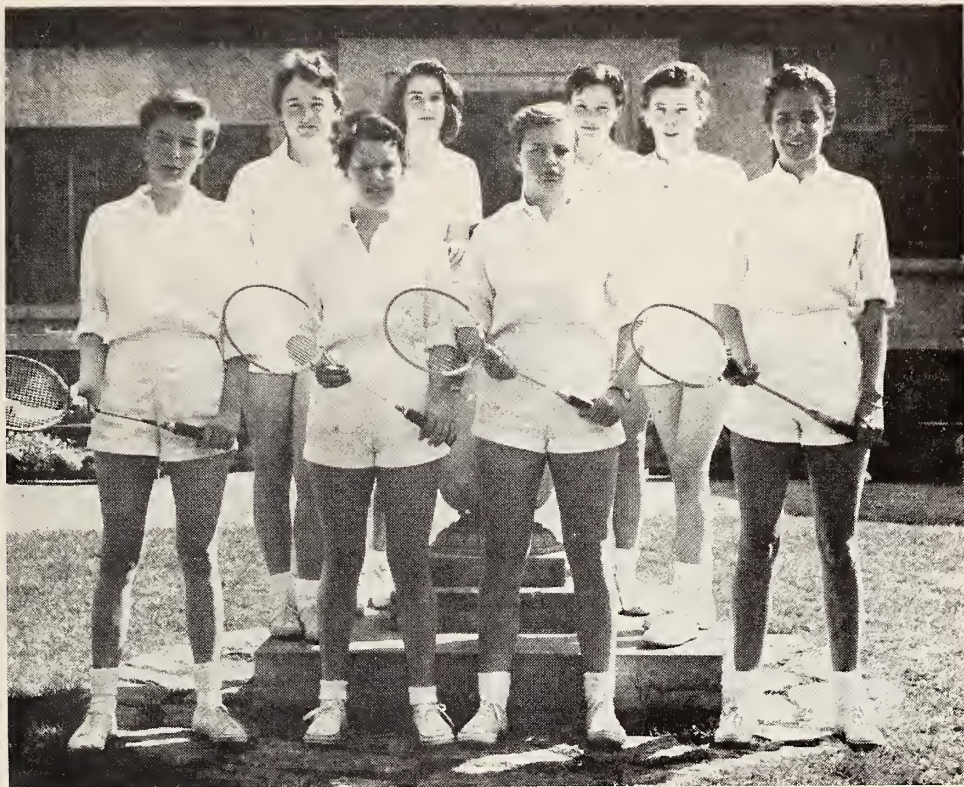
SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM

Left to right, Front row: L. Castonguay, F. Cabeldu, S. Sadler, H. Petrie.
Second Row: M. Gratias, L. Neelin, L. Redpath.



SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

From left to right, Front row: L. Galt, C. Bruce, S. Sadler (Capt.), F. Cabeldu.
Back row: R. Petrie, E. Bratton, B. Wood, L. Castonguay, J. Grier, D. Manion, L. Redpath.



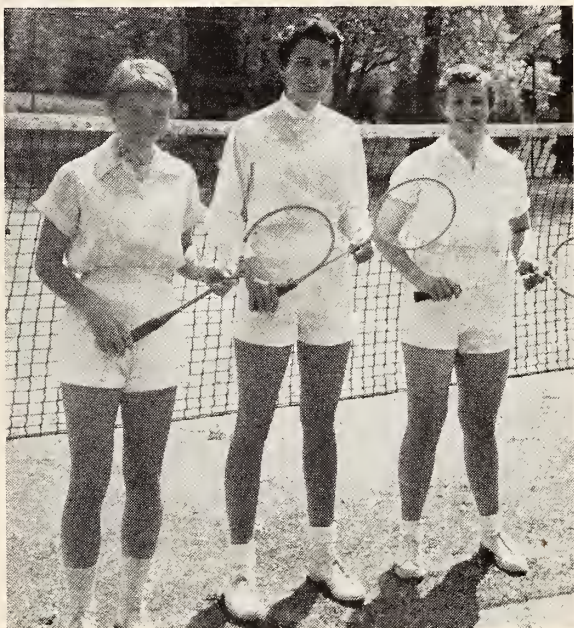
**ELMWOOD PLAYERS IN THE OTTAWA
DISTRICT BADMINTON ASSOCIATION'S
JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS**

From left to right, Front row: J. Newman, F. Cabeldu, S. Sadler, L. Castonguay.

Second row: B. Wood, L. Neelin, K. Connoly, C. Bruce.

BADMINTON CHAMPIONS

From left to right: Judy Ewing (Junior Doubles),
Lynne Castonguay (Senior singles and doubles),
Lesley Galt, (Junior singles and doubles),
Missing—Sandra Drew (Senior doubles).





WINNING SOCCER TEAM —
NIGHTINGALE HOUSE

From left to right, Front row: L. Galt, B. Wood
(Capt.), J. Ewing.

Second row: J. Toller, E. Bratton, J. Kingstone,
B. Mitchell.

Third row: W. Dochstader, S. Moffat, L. Redpath,
S. Sadler.



WINNING BASKETBALL TEAM —
KELLER HOUSE

From left to right, Front row: K. Connoly, C.
Bruce, L. Castonguay, (Capt.), S. Southam.

Second row: M. Gracias, R. Findlay, J. Grier,
S. Campbell.

WINNING VOLLEYBALL TEAM —
KELLER HOUSE

From left to right, Front row: K. Connoly, C.
Bruce, L. Castonguay, (Capt.), S. Southam.

Second row: M. Rodger, W. Blackburn, K.
Sampson, S. Campbell, J. Newman, J. Grier.

Also Laragh Neelin won the "fourteen-and-under" championship. The team of Lynne Castonguay, Franny Cabeldu, Sally Sadler, Jean Newman, Bonnie Wood and Carol Bruce, all made excellent showings.

Closer to home, in the school Badminton, competition was much keener than ever before, Lesley Galt of the Juniors beat out Jean Newman in a real thriller to become the champion, and in the Senior division, Lynne Castonguay once again showed her racquet arm skill by defeating Sally Sadler in an equally exciting game.

In the doubles finals Sandra Drew and Lynne Castonguay won in the senior division, and Judy Ewing and Lesley Galt in the junior.

Softball

This year the softball teams were cut down to grades seven, eight and nine. This lessened the number of players so that everybody interested got her full share of playing. In the first game Fry downed Keller 27-16; second game Nightingale over Keller 42-28, and in the third and final game Nightingale took the championship.

Gym Display

On March eighth each form, under the very capable guidance of Miss Barr, put on a display of what they had accomplished up to this time in gym classes. There were many laughs and many tense moments as the audience "ooh'd" and "ah'd" at such things as the energetic (?) exercises done by the equally energetic seniors, and the skillful tumbling and gymnastics done by the "spryer" members of the school.

Boarders' Notes

This year our returning old boarders found some pleasant changes in the form of newly decorated rooms and lounge — the latter a comfortable, well-lit place where we could read, listen to the radio, play records or simply tell each other the latest gossip. The library, where we can now watch TV, the halls and

the cloakrooms were also attractively painted and rearranged. We welcomed the new resident teachers, Miss Carruthers, Miss Barr, Miss Banbury and the nurse, Miss Hunt, who throughout the year with Mrs. Edwards, our favourite Housemother, and Mrs. Hughes, the patient and understanding Junior Housemother, Miss Danhof and Mrs. Cameron, worked hard to make this a pleasant and unforgettable year for us.

Many new girls, hailing from places all the way from Campbell's Bay in Quebec, to Chile in South America joined our ranks and during the year have proved themselves true "Elmwoodians". Mary Gratias and Sue Garland, our two head boarders, were always ready to help us with our small and big problems, but also ruled us with a strong arm, or should I say with strong arms?

We enjoyed many special trips and activities this year. One was our visit to the tremendous St. Lawrence Seaway Project in October. On our trip to Arnprior we were shown around the Civil Defence Training College, where we saw many different ways of rescuing people. This, topped by a delicious turkey dinner, provided another enjoyable Saturday. Miss Barr, Miss Carruthers and Miss Danhof accompanied the ski-minded girls on two wonderful Saturdays on the hill at Wakefield. Another specialty was given once a month to girls who had been especially good; they were allowed to go out on Friday or Saturday evening to have dinner and see a movie afterwards.

Knowing that he would not find us all together at Christmas, Santa Claus paid us his annual visit on the day of our Pyjama party. As usual he was loaded with presents and we had a most enjoyable party, with a fine supper afterwards. Speaking of refreshments, we would like to thank Mrs. MacDermott for the wonderful food during the year and at our luscious Christmas dinner.

Boarders' dances and a few other activities combined with these to keep us busy all year. All in all it must have kept the teachers busy too!

Form Notes

VI Upper and VI Matric

Officers:

Head Girl: Esther Prudham.

Prefects: Susan Belcourt (VI M), Carolyn Bruce (VI U), Gail Dochstader (VI M), Helena von Numers (VI U), Vicky Brain, Frances Cabeldu.

House Heads: Vicky Brain (VI U), Frances Cabeldu (VI M), Sandra Drew (VI U).

VI Upper

Sheena Ewing—"Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

Diane Fraser—"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Patricia Slemmon—"Her winning ways, her smiling face, Will win her friends, just any place."

Form 6 Matric

Ruth Wansbrough—March 19—Appendix out.
March 21—Visitor comes after skipping classes. Who is the mystery man, Ruth? In a suit, no less! !

Susannah Clarke—Most people read innocence in those baby blues—but we know better don't we Sue?

Mary Gratiis—The colour of Mary's hair changes almost as often as her mind!

Rosemary Findlay—When Rosie acts she likes to have a Mike around to tell the whole world. Don't you Herb?

Sue Garland—Isn't that sad?—You'll never guess what day it is!—Friday maybe,

Heather Petrie—In chemistry the only symbol Heather can remember is the one for magnesium—M. G! We often wonder why!

Connie Rae—Having just been made a senior in the boarding school, "Con" has put every effort into making life happy for those around her.

Thale Gunneng—Thale has had to put up with everyone calling her "Proxy", but as usual she takes it in her stride.

Elisabeth van Schelle—Since Elisabeth is our class president and our "brain", 6 Matric

has fallen into the habit of leaning on her in its time of need.

Nancy Scott—Every period finds Nancy conversing with Pam in the corner. What's the latest gossip, Nance?

Marjorie MacNeill—The silent one of our group came to us this year from Glebe, and is fitting in very nicely.

Carole Connolly—Here today, gone tomorrow, she lives for the weekends when a certain Toronto scholar comes home.

Judy Wilson—Seems to suffer from lack of sleep, especially Monday mornings. We wonder why!

Pam Moore—Pam is our youngster, but thanks to her Montreal knowledge, our class average goes up and up.

Miss Boyle—Miss Boyle has had quite a job on her hands trying to keep our marks respectable, and we are very grateful. Thanks to a wonderful form mistress from 6M.

Form 5A

We are writing our form notes under the following headings—name, favourite expression, ambition and probable destination.

Mrs. Stephen—I know it's boring, but—.

The form trophy?

Back to 5C.

Susan Campbell—What kind of car did you say?

Dance in Maycourt.

Waiting on table in the Chateau Cafeteria.

Bonnie Wood—LINE UP! !

To be a Mountie.

Saddle sores.

Sarah Jennings—Oh!! I mean bother! Olympic rider.

Sweeping up at Coliseum.

Lauretta Landymore—Listen! !

To speak French.

Starving at French table.

Sally Sadler—Well —!

Engineer.

Toot! Toot!

Lynne Castonguay—Oh Sugar!
 MacDonald College.
 Emptying waste baskets at Lockburg
 Lodge.
Susan Petrie—Ouch!
 No more injections.
 Looking like a pin cushion.
Joan Grier—He's late!
 Fashion Designer.
 Hanging pins to Dior.
Judy Dowd—Hey Horseface!
 Doctor.
 Sharpening knives at Civic Hospital.
Jean Garvock—I don't know!
 External Affairs.
 Char in Parliament Buildings.
Linda Redpath—Fabulous!
 Ski Instructress at Tremblant.
 Oiling the tow at Beamish Hill.
Wendy Dochstader—Oh—guess not eh?
 Losing thirty pounds.
 Breaking the scales at Union Station.

Franny Drury—You're joking!
 Architect.
 Plumber at the Palace of Versailles.
Jane Inskip—What'll I Wear?
 Married.
 President of Spinsters Incorp.
Renée Darricades—Aw gee!
 Model for Pepsodent ad.
 Putting toothpaste back into tubes.
Gail Lacharity—Really?
 Famous actress.
 Selling orange crush at Capitol Theatre.
Elizabeth Bratton—Croak!
 Get her voice back.
 Opera lessons at Royal Conservatory.
Eleanor Patrick—Squish!
 To squish someone.
 Squashed.
Louise Bowie—Oh Sugar!
 Married.
 Married.

Form 5B

NAME	SONG TITLE	AMBITION	IN 1967	EXPRESSION
Roo Petrie	A rose and a baby Ruth.	To win a trophy for being best co-ordinated	Still trying to co-ordinate.	Oh! Sh - - ucks.
Baggy Lawson	Shake, Rattle and Roll!	To see that Mike gets his driving licence.	To see that Mike gets his marriage licence.	'barrassing much!
Mare "Light Bulb" Watt	"Unchained Memory"	To vacuum the broadloom carpets in ?'s car.	Ragpicker.	Gimme a good mark!
Mary Findlay	Naughty Lady of Shady Lane.	To be in External Affairs.	A commie for the F.B.I.	Oh! Efi!
Di Manion	"Learnin' her Latin".	To be a sculptress.	Being sculptured.	Sapperli poppett.
Linda Chauvin	Davey! Davey! (Crockett?)	Instructress at Tremblant.	Bartender at Gray Rocks!	Y'er Kidding!
Jeanie Cundill	Picnic? (Moonglow!)	To be a music professah!?	Beating the bongo drums in Carnegie Hall	Take a long walk off a short wharf.
Kit Sampson	Mostly Martha.	To be a good rider.	To still be indifferent toward boys.	That's nothing!
Martha Rodger	Sailor Boy	To marry the sailor.	Sailing on the ocean blue.	Aw - - - tell me!
Louise Hayley	"Every little breeze whispers Louise"	Blonde Bomb of the Aquata Club.	Rock and Roll teacher.	Let's jive, Baby!

NAME	SONG TITLE	AMBITION	IN 1967	EXPRESSION
Sue Hamilton	"Charlie is my Darling."	Ride in the Olympics.	Driving a horse-drawn milk cart.	"Hey Tub!"
Wendy Blackburn	Oh! You beautiful doll.	Manager of Ottawa House.	Horse thief.	
Judy Toller	"With a little bit of luck" "You'll never know".	To be as good as Ben in gym.	Scrubbing cows professionally.	Open the window! A little bit?
Margo "Mirrors" Hay	Come down from your Ivory Tower.	Interior Decorator.	In Europe.	Time will tell!
Efi Malamaki	Young Love	"To go to Switzerland with?"	Manager of Boutique "H"	Come again!
Jody Garland	"Ready Teddy" (or Sheba).	To win the Open Hunter at the Ex.	Still coming in last.	Gosh, it's stuffy in here.
Sandi McNaughton	The girl can't help it.	To go to the Ridley Formal with ??	Scrubbing the walls in the Montreal General.	- - - - next!
Jane Rowley	Charlie was a boxer.	None!?	Stowaway on a slow boat to China with the boxer.	"Is that right? I don't believe it."
Jeanie Newman	Sweet old-fashioned girl.	To sit on the floor in prayers.	Still pulling out splinters.	Parties and other social events.
Pat Gillies	Round and Round ? goes!	To succeed with success in the thing she likes best.	You can guess the rest!	My! Gosh, what'll I do?
Pam Broome	She'll never know.	To drop Spanish.	That vocab!	Oh Pam! Act your age!
Carolyn Tough	Party Doll!	To be a model!?	Your guess is as good as mine.	-Boys!-Where?
Mrs. Wilgress	Around the world in Eighty Days.	To do away with lip rouge or VB.	HEADLINES — Professor Wilgress invents a lip rouge remover.	Take a de-rec!

Form 5C1

This is the school,
 Elmwood, Rockcliffe.
 I work here.
 I'm a warden.
 Name's Carruthers; partner, Schell.
 I'm working day-watch on 5C1 cell.

8.45 Monday Morning.
 Mackie, Devlin and Storms
 Come sauntering down the hall,
 Late again for hard labour
 'Cause last night they had a ball.

Ewing wearing an innocent smile
 Trips in with a cake containing a file.

Neelin comes in with her black and white
 stripe,
 MacTavish sits down and lights up her pipe.

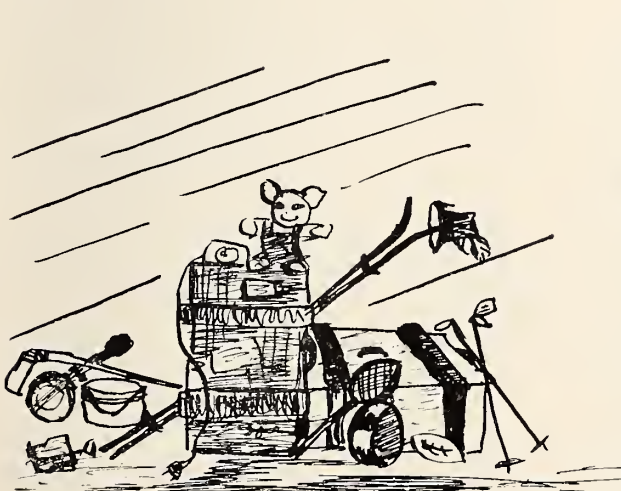
Connolly, Ansley, Kingstone, all three,
 Swagger in after an all-night spree.
 Hyndman has trouble writing these notes,
 As everyone's talking in riddles and jokes.
 To Warden Carruthers from 5C1 cell,
 We all wish her luck and a sad farewell.

Form 5C2

The Sheriff and his Deputy Save the Day.
 It's late at night and BARRtender's in,
 Mitchell comes along with a terrible din,
 Galt's in the corner, playing cards.
 Moffat and Peden are pacing ten yards;
 But how they're having a duel in the dark
 Is something you can't understand.
 Volk sidles over to Allen to chat.

Southan's a dustin' her ten gallon hat;
 Woodburn and Hair are having a row,
 And soon it's a gun fight; Francis says, "How
 Do we stop it? This heated-up crowd
 Will soon, in a minute, be shouting real loud,
 Firing their guns and killing us all."
 BARRtender pauses, ducks into the hall,
 Runs to the sheriff, tells her to hurry.
 Sheriff says, "Coming, just don't you worry."

Ryan comes in with deputy Berry.
 They cough a little,—the saloon isn't airy!
 Sheriff and deputy work hard, and soon
 Everything's settled in the Gold Dust Saloon.
 Woodburn and Hair are friends once more,
 And as Ryan and Berry go out the door,
 BARRtender says, "A toast and hurray
 For Sheriff and deputy who've again saved
 the day!"



OLD Girl

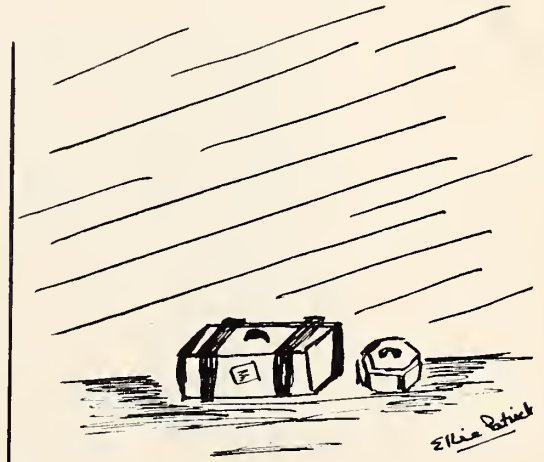
Form 4A

Second-floor-to-the-left-at-the-
 top-of-the-stairs,
 Rock'n'Roll'Em,
 March 6, 1957.

Dear 4A Classroom,

At the close of this year's chapter we write this letter to bid you a sad farewell. Remember all the happy times we spent together?

Will you ever forget the day we had the little lost cat, Monsieur Trouvé, attend classes with us? We always seemed to have the giggles after drama classes, didn't we, and wasn't it fun the day we made Miss Reed get the giggles with us? Oh, and will you ever forget how we teased our own teacher for misspelling "Intransitive"? Then don't forget all the parties we had together—the food, the decorations, the valentines signed 'N/O', the paintings on the windows. We did do a little school work this year because we remember that Miss Reed thinks our Grammar is 'out of this world' and our mistakes in Arithmetic dreadfully careless. Oh, and we know we studied China in Geography periods because we ate our supper with chopsticks one night. Exercises, marching, dancing, what memories these things bring back. Miss Barr and the gym display and Joan undressing all during each grammar



NEW Girl

Ellie Schick

class so she would not be late for gym. Actually we really had our own gymnastic display each day when we watched Margaret sit down at her desk.

Poor Cathy and Dacy; we still cannot understand why Miss Reed did not want them to sit next to each other! Oh, and you couldn't forget our two invalids, could you? Carolyn with her nose bleeds (only happening between eraser chews, you understand) and Joan's falling teeth. Elsa was our naturally healthy gal always with the rosy cheeks and Heather our outdoor sport who even induced Miss Reed to go skating with her.

Of course our main claim to fame was our afternoon at the movies, our reward for receiving those stripes. Talking about stripes and movies and shows, that reminds us of our quick performance of "Mama's little baby."—that was at Christmas. And thinking of Christmas, remember the fun we had working out that 1920 Christmas greeting for Miss Reed? Ah yes and those dancing tips so we would be able to go to the first House Dance. But Julie is really our Jiver, isn't she, and Sheila represented us at the Formal. And Cydney is quickly developing a specialty of her own.

We really must move on to 5C despite the wonderful times we had with you, 4A, and so we say 'au revoir'!.

Love,

Bothering Bouche Brown
Famous Framer Frayne
Hummer Hayley
Happy Hopper Haughton
Hiccup Higginson
Longfoe Laidler
Master Messer McIlraith
Negative No's Newsome
Super Silly Strauss
Hooligan Harrigan.

Form Upper 4B

(As seen through the eyes of Samuel Squirrel, an irregular member of the class.)

I am Sammy Squirrel, the twelfth member of Form Upper 4B, and here are some of the things I can see every day—

At the far end of the room sits Johanne Forbes proudly flashing her new dental retainers. In front of her is Sandy Constock with thoughts of Florida interrupting the flow of concentration on French verbs. Then comes Trudy Johnston vainly trying to remember the French word for the verb "to go". It doesn't come easily.

In the next line down the class we come upon Sisser Bunch, our classical scholar, hungrily reading the Danish version of "To be or not to be"—(under the desk, of course!) Then there is Marjorie, our artist, working on original ideas for the female form.

Margot and Sheila are making feeble efforts to do a spot of homework during Arithmetic class, each with one eye on the weary teacher. Wendy Cromar, "our little Helper", is looking round vainly in search of someone in agonized need of help. Then there are Judy Reid, our scientist, and Rita Browning who is eagerly looking forward to her next French lesson—(Here I may be wrong!) Then there are Vicky, the baby of the Form, and Mrs. Davis, who is a wonderful teacher and person—(though she is nervous about her nylons when I am scampering about on the floor.) Last of all is the ghostly but unseen member of the class, Mr. Intercom, whose sepulchred voice jerks the dreamers to attention. Oh, I must not forget our new girl, Stephanie, who sits quite near my window.

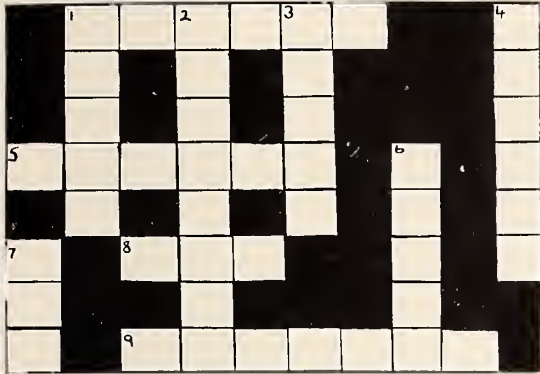
I shall miss my Upper 4B classmates during the holidays. They are such a nice bunch, and all "yellow strippers." That's all for now, from—

SAMUEL G. SQUIRREL.

Form Lower 4B

ACROSS

1. She's the form captain, but doesn't keep us quiet.
5. Favourite occupations are eating and drawing, especially at the wrong time.
8. A big Brownie with her head and tail missing.
9. Gets the "bear hug" at lunch time. Loves to read.



DOWN

1. She's the tallest and often used as a cushion.
2. She's full of "Chile Sauce". Favourite expression is calling people "Nincompoop."
3. Has a long pony tail and appears in the puzzle upside down.
4. The boss.
6. Is a horse fan. Has a "little money" in Grade 1.
7. Often looks as though she's just come from the Far North. Loves to chew her hair.

Form 4C

There are phrases which seem to go with the people in Form 4C.

Geneve—"Oh, no extra French this afternoon!" and "Will someone please invite me out?"

Debbie—Do stop playing with your hair.

Martha—"Please don't tickle me!"

Marilyn—Always scribbling in class.

Julie—Horses, horses, everywhere.

Antonia—Oh boy, what a skater! Bang!!

Audrey—"Can I please borrow a Kleenex?"

Miss Danhof—"Put your hands up please, and don't call out."

Forms 2 and 3

Grades III and IV

We take you now to Three and Four,
The room where Alex minds the door.
There's hard work done but lots of fun,

With Lynn and Alex on the run
To keep the girls in order.

Georgina now and Martha too
Are in Grade III, the only two;
They work so hard at tables three—
They want to pass their grade, you see.

Louise, Nicole, Audrey and Claire
Make the others sit up and stare.
Their writing really is so neat
To read their work it is a treat
That you should sometime see.

So if you pass quite near our class,
Just step inside and see
The nine at desks all working hard
And one in charge J.B.

Transition and Form 1

Transition and one
Are all full of fun
Even after their work
Has been done.

Susan, Belinda, Penny and Pat
Are splendid scholars,
I'll tell you that!

Frances, Cathy, Joanie and Nancy
Are all to Mrs. Watson's fancy.
They are four that are five,
And so much alive.

Valerie and Ann both in Form 1,
It might surprise you
What they have done.

Now this dear little group
With a chuckle and smile
Is a thrill and delight
Making teaching worthwhile.



Senior Literary Section

Walk on a Spring Day

Spring is here and all along
 The road, I hear a robin's song
 Of warmth and joy and blooming earth;
 She sings the song of Nature's birth.
 I'm walking through the garden now;
 In the breeze the blossoms bow,—
 They bend their fragile heads in prayer
 To thank The One who laid them there.

HOLLY RYAN,
 Form 5C2.

A Day in Paris

My first day in Paris was perhaps the most memorable one of the twenty I spent there. I woke up full of curiosity, excitement and energy, thinking I could cover any number of museums, cathedrals, streets and parks.

My hotel was near the Champs Elysées, and I started out by walking all the way up to the Arc de Triomphe. My great desire then was to cross the Place de l'Étoile and go up in the Arc. Little did I know what French car drivers are like. I did not know that their greatest sport and pleasure is running over pedestrians.

After several breath-taking attempts I successfully reached the middle where the Unknown Soldier's Grave is—there are usually flowers on the grave and a fire burns night and day. I took the lift up in the Arc, which is not very high, but I had an excellent view of the neighbouring blocks and streets, and I could easily see why the square is called the Square of the Star.

Coming down I decided to cross the street together with a lady standing near me—and so I did—I walked across slowly and safely; two runover people would make too much mess on the car. Then I walked down to the Place de la Concorde which lies in front of the Tuileries Gardens. On my way, in the adjoining streets I found several fashion houses such as Fath and Dior.

After a good look at the Seine I went on

up to the Madeleine Church which was built by Napoleon who had a great love for classic architecture. In comparison with the outside with its beautiful columns I found the inside rather dark and empty. But an organ concert was just being held; it was the most beautiful organ music I have ever heard. I sat in the church longer than I had intended, and coming out in the sunshine I found it was nearly time for lunch.

The streets were crowded with people, bicycles and cars. People of all ages, shapes, colours and languages were filling the sidewalks. There were luxuriously dressed people, poorly dressed people, neat little schoolgirls with white hats and gloves and sloppily dressed so-called artists.

All along the sidewalks there were cafés where people were drinking everything from water to absinthe. I sat down at the famous Café de la Paris which is opposite the Opera House. After great difficulties I got what I wanted; a coke. In France it is not "coke" but "cokka-cola".

Looking at the Opera House I found it large and impressive with its beautiful windows flanked by columns and its green copper roof.

In front of it there is a large square in the middle of which are entrances to the subway and, beside them, stands where old women were selling flowers and papers and shouting to the passers-by. Policemen were waving their arms, blowing their whistles and quarreling with each other and with the drivers of cars that had just crashed and were blocking the traffic. I soon learned that you cannot live in Paris without seeing at least one collision a day.

After lunch I went to the Louvre, which is the old Tuileries Palace in which lived the king at the time of the Revolution. I at once set off in the direction of Venus and Mona Lisa. I found Venus as beautiful and perfect as I had been told, but Mona Lisa was a disap-

pointment. It was a small picture protected by glass, and the reflection of the light made it difficult to see the whole picture at once. As there was always a group of at least twenty standing admiring it I did not see much since I had not yet acquired my present superb height.

After walking a couple of miles looking at pictures, I went over to the House of the Impressionists in which used to be the Tennis Court of the well-known Tennis Court Oath.

As a last job during working hours I went to the Eiffel Tower. It was a sunny, clear day and I expected to have a very good view. I went all the way up to the top thinking this would be something to boast about, but I shall never be able to do that! I took one look down, grabbed hold of the man standing next to me—and fainted. When I woke up I was on my way down in the lift and all the other passengers were fussing about me. I went away as full of shame as a wet cat.

After a few hours of rest with my feet in the tub, I went out to have dinner and see a ballet, promising myself never again to try to be brave.

THALE GUNNENG,
Form 6 Matric.

Why I Like Acting

There are many reasons why I like acting, in fact so many that I could not possibly tell you all of them, but I will try to give you a few.

First and foremost, I think one of the most wonderful things about acting is the feeling you experience when you are able to come out of yourself and become a completely different person. You forget that you are whoever you are, that you have said your lines countless times before, and really make yourself be the character you are portraying. This enables you to let yourself go completely and really “play it to the hilt”.

Acting is a most exciting thing. The feeling you get just before the curtain goes up of anticipation and nervousness, and sometimes just pure stage fright is something you can hardly explain. And then later, after it

is all over, and the curtain falls on the last act you get the sensation of accomplishment and of a job well done, a feeling, to my mind, which cannot be surpassed.

A very important factor is the part that teamwork plays in producing a good show. An actress cannot act for the personal glory she will receive but must give all she has not only to the audience, but to the other actors and actresses as well. A fatal mistake is to try to outdo the people you are playing with, for if you do, you will never succeed in being a good actress.

There are many things which contribute to a play apart from the acting itself. Makeup, costumes, scenery, lighting and countless other details that an audience might easily take for granted are all vitally important. For example, without makeup and costumes the player would have a very difficult time portraying different characters. If a young girl were to play the part of an old man without makeup or costume, it would be practically impossible for anyone to decide what she was supposed to be. All these things are a great help to the actress, as well as to the audience.

Acting is a combination of hard work and a good deal of fun. Sometimes you find it rather difficult to rouse yourself for a rehearsal at nine o'clock on a Saturday morning and when dress rehearsal time rolls around, frayed nerves and exhaustion occasionally produce a few bad moments. But there is always the funny side of things to cheer people up, and backstage calamities, which never fail to happen are often pretty numerous.

All in all I agree most heartily with Shakespeare when he says “The play’s the thing”.

ROSEMARY FINDLAY,
Form 6 Matric.

If I Could Change Places

If I could change places with anyone in this vast and immense world whom would I choose? Would that person be a princess, a popular rich young girl or the eldest daughter of a poor Hungarian immigrant?

The princess would have everything she wanted plus a great deal she could do very

well without. She would have her fine home, delicious food, beautiful clothes and probably a very happy family relationship. But would it be the same kind of life that a young girl at my age, and of my family, and station in life would have? There would never be any privacy in her life. Every move she made would be noticed and commented on. She would never have any freedom to do the little things she had always dreamed of doing. Her life would be dedicated to her country and her people, and they must be put before her selfish desires. No, I would not give up my life of freedom and happiness for a demanding impersonal existence.

As for the popular rich young girl, she, too, could have anything she wanted,—good schools, fabulous trips, and many friends. But there would always be the striving to stay popular, the friends who might be undesirable characters, having been given the freedom to do whatever pleases them, regardless of the inconveniences and unhappiness of others. Her home might be one of constant quarrels and bitterness as are many of the very wealthy homes of today. Would she be content and happy with what she had, or would she always want more? She would probably have one tight little clique of friends who always saw just themselves, and were snobbishly conscious of outsiders or newcomers. There would not be the excitement of meeting new people every day and learning more about them; the interest one gets from judging a person's character or ascertaining the type of individual he may be. There would be no enjoyment in having everything one wanted because there would be nothing to look forward to, no goal to set for oneself, whether great or small. I would not be in her shoes for anything in this world.

Take the daughter of an immigrant. That girl would have nothing, but she would be happy just working at making a home and friends in her new country. She would at last have a small feeling of security, having rid herself of fears of the great oppressor. Just the feeling of freedom would make her con-

tent with her lot and she would strive to start anew and build a worthwhile life for herself and her family. Yet there would still be those inner fears remaining from her former life, the hardships of rebuilding her life and the feeling of not quite belonging.

Lastly, would I change places with you? No, I think not. You may be the happiest, most contented person in all the world, but so am I. I have a happy home, friends, a feeling of security, and a sense of belonging, and most of all—a lot of fun. I would not change places with anyone in the world.

SUE BELCOURT,
Form 6 Matric.

An Evening in Spain

In a city in Spain the shops close for siesta time. The siesta is important. Everyone must rest to prepare for a gay Spanish evening. Now, by a Spanish evening I want you to think of an evening that lasts until about three-thirty in the morning. Why not come along and see what it is like?

The streets become filled with lively Spaniards in their brightly coloured clothes. The store windows gaily reflect the flashing red and blue neon lights and the striking red umbrellas of the busy sidewalk cafés. The voices of the happy people mix in the air and float up into the penthouses of the wealthy senoras who also depart, smartly arrayed, into the crowded streets. The caretaker soon locks the huge wooden door of the deserted apartments, but the fact that the caretaker has done so, and that they do not have keys to get in by themselves does not concern the Spaniards.

The cafés busily serve steaming, oily Spanish delights and penetrating cheap wine. From the cafés people file to the theatres to watch vivacious Spanish señoritas dance, their gay, red skirts, accented by polka dots and white flounces, swirling. The clapping castanets and stamping heels, mingled with the shouts of "olé" from the enthusiastic audience, add to the gaiety of the evening.

Out to the grand streets again, past the

illuminated fountains with mists of water enshrouding the golden figurines, the people stroll, or the more wealthy, in their thin woollen shawls, rattle in the antiquated black and red taxis to the night clubs. They stop at the "Florida" in the centre of a majestic park dotted with rushing fountains and spot-lights. Inside they are shown to a marble-topped table in a large round room with green vines creeping up the walls. Their eyes follow the vines to the roof which they find is the starry sky. They see the dance floor elevate to their level and watch some more enlivening, rhythmic Spanish dancing.

At the same time let us follow others who pile into taxis and go down dark streets until they reach brightly lit gypsy caves. Unlike most gypsies these are wealthy, as they make money dancing for the tourists. They lead the tourists into small cloisters covered by a trellis with vines from which hang clusters of grapes.

The gypsies are infinitely happy and flash their teeth at the bewildered newcomers who watch them dance as gracefully as professionals amidst the stamping of feet and clapping of hands.

Now at three thirty in the morning, all, whether strolling, visiting the night clubs or gypsy caves, come home tired and happy. Oh! Oh! They have no keys and the caretaker is asleep! Never mind, for they are not troubled. They clap their hands and stamp sticks, and after a few breathless moments hear the tap of a stick in reply. Soon an old man comes limping up the street with all the keys of every building in the district on a ring, and unlocks the door of the building.

Thus ends a contented, perfect Spanish evening.

ESTHER PRUDHANI,
Form 6 Upper.

A Transformed World

When snow comes drifting down, covering the hills and fields like a mysterious veil it reminds me of a strange but beautiful fairyland. The light snowfall of the night before trims rooftops, trees, and shrubs with a filmy

lace. Silvery icicles hang from the frosty eave-troughs like icy spears. Along the lane, large spruces sparkle like giant Christmas trees sprinkled with diamond dust. The road is a thin white ribbon covered with a blanket of feathery snow. This enchantingly beautiful scene fills me with wonder as I stand looking out on a world that has been transformed overnight.

KATHERINE CONNOLLY,
Form 5C 1.

The Forgotten Dead

Remembrance Day is a tragic day,—a day of sorrowful recalling of loved ones. These heroes, the "forgotten dead" for whom we mourn, are they really to be pitied?

Who were the dead? They were men and women like you and me. They felt pleasure and pain; they sinned and sorrowed; they were petty and angry, loving and kind.

The old man went to war. But what did war mean to him? Why, he was alive again, young again, and needed. He was shot through the head. Terrible, you say. Was it? He was saved from a rheumatic old age!

The youth went to war. He died and lives forever as one of the "forgotten dead". What did he sacrifice? A life of hated toil, on a farm already too small, was his loss.

But what of the average man, the family man? He gave up his life, but after all he had lived. His death had a meaning.

Does not the tragedy remain here on earth in the lives shattered by the absence of the dead? These are the families, the toilers, the survivors who must struggle on. The broken-hearted widow, the sorrowing mother must struggle to keep body and soul together. These are the ones who deserve our tears.

The dead are cared for, at rest, hallowed and loved. What they might not have attained in life they have attained in death. Their spirit has become immortal, eternal. They are heroes forever.

Is it then so bad to die a soldier's death?

SHEENA EWING,
Form 6 Upper.

The Tyranny of Fashion

Among teen-agers as well as grown people, the tyranny of fashion is felt. Fashion magazines are selling as fast as political ones, and no newspaper is without its "fashion adviser". The Lady cannot go out, for her coat has stuffed shoulders, or because her shoes don't have the latest cut. The dress she bought last year is absolutely useless, because the neckline is wrong. She will spend her last cent on new clothes. The teen-ager cannot go to school because his jeans look too new, or his leather jacket doesn't have creases in the sleeves. The girl *must* have a pair of saddle shoes and a big scarf. "But mother, everybody has one!" is the usual cry. The teen-agers, still so insecure and in need of feeling they belong to a group, would rather die than go dressed differently from "the gang."

It has not always been so. The fashions before the first World War did not change so quickly, and it was not so essential to be dressed exactly according to the fashion. Another difference is the rise of the teens. In the beginning of the century they were considered children, but today they are scrutinized by psychologists, and have realized their importance. They claim a special position in society. So the "teen-age fashion" has become very important.

I believe that there are two main reasons why fashion has become as tyrannical as it is today.

One is the development of communication of news between people. We have movies, radio, and newspapers to tell us what is happening in the world. Therefore the woman knows it the following day when Dior has stated that the skirts are to be longer. She can more easily follow what is happening. In earlier days, people in a community dressed alike, and now the whole world is a community. The fashion centres dictate, and the people obey.

The other reason is democracy. Equality has given us the feeling that it is absolutely necessary to be dressed just like everyone else in order to be equal. Everyone has the right

to be equal, and therefore must be equal, some people think. The "We must live up to the Jones'" feeling arises. There is a great middle class everywhere, and the people of this class seem to think that there is only the choice of being a slave to fashion or a social outcast.

The tyranny of fashion is playing with the whole world, and making fools of us. Everyone must be alike, not only in dress, but also in speech and manners. Social conformity is starting to be a problem in the world of today, and certainly the tyranny of fashion is the cause.

HELENA VON NUMERS,
Form 6U.

A Sad Dog

One would think that dogs really understand their owner's thoughts. Last Good Friday, our beagle dog, only a year old, had to be killed. We were all sad, but the dog too seemed to realize that something was amiss. His usually, pert curly tail was dropping, and when he wagged it, it was not the same cheerful swishing as on other days, but a slow wag as if it were an effort to be happy. His large eyes had a look which made his whole face reflect the sadness which was in our own thoughts. He didn't run and jump but lay quietly at our feet, as if he knew he was staying with us for the last time.

PAMELA MOORE,
Form 6M.

Sunrise

The sky is grey and birds are sleeping,
But see! A ray of light comes creeping.
Yonder over there it gleams
And sheds a light on Childrens' dreams.
Another and yet another still
Comes shining o'er the distant hill.
And now the sun comes into sight
To banish shadows of the night.
It brightens skies to a pastel shade
Of blues and greens which soon will fade
To colours of a rosy hue
Which start the day to life anew.

JANE ROWLEY,
Form 5B.

The Horror of Montague

The old house loomed up at the end of the long drive; it seemed to look even gloomier and larger than usual in the twilight. Its sepulchral outlines melted into the dark poplars and jackpines surrounding it, making it a solid, impervious black mass.

We alighted gingerly from the car, glad to be free of its small confines. We all stood in a group not sure what to do next. Roger spoke first: "You chaps," he said, "go on in and make yourselves at home." We laughed at his weak parody of a joke. Make ourselves at home in a haunted house? Indeed!! Well, we finally went in together with our bags and paraphernalia. All had on their bravest smiles, but I noticed Roger's grin was becoming strained around the edges, as were all our smiles.

Roger crept up the decrepit stairs first, making a lot of noise as if to scare away anything that might be up there. Then I came, more scared than anything else, but determined to be jaunty. Then Tim, my brother; then, at the rear, Pete, our erstwhile driver. We all had the same purpose—to spend the night in the haunted house.

We laid out our sleeping bags and other things on some old sagging cots we found on the second floor, then explored around. I began mentally reviewing the reasons we had come here. It was mostly to prove to our parents that we could really be on our own. We all thought it would be a great lark. On exploring we found nothing except a few old dusty stones which Pete, being an anthropologist, found interesting. The house itself was a cavernous old building, dilapidated and crumbling, its once splendid rooms dim and dusty. The gay frescoes on the walls had almost faded into nothingness. The rooms gave the impression of unending grey caverns untouched by light for years uncounted.

We ate our supper of bully beef sandwiches, -slightly dusty-, boiled eggs and tea with great gusto in spite of inner trepidations. Tim carefully wrapped up all our leftovers

and put them in his knapsack though there wasn't much to be had.

It was dark now and our flashlights cut through the darkness with strong, steady beams that lighted the walls and ceilings with curves and spirals. Pete and Roger crawled into their sleeping bags. Tim and I were elected to go downstairs and out to fetch water for the morning. We went down and closed the door behind us; that was the last time we saw Peter alive!

This is what we gather happened. They heard a noise and Peter went down to investigate. He did not come back and Roger, becoming worried, followed him. We heard a scream. Tim went inside and I got in the car and went for help. I returned with the police. Inside Peter was lying half way under the stairs, his head severed from his body. Tim had calmed Roger and he was taken by the police to his home.

The murderers did not get far. They confessed that, when Peter had discovered their hidden jewels, they lured him downstairs by a noise, then killed him because he knew too much. Roger came down, and let out the scream that we had heard. Tim and I stood there dazed until our father came and led us away. What a ghastly ending . . . but how could we have known . . . ?

MARY FINDLAY,
Form 5B.

Farewell to School

As I took a parting glance at the old grey building that had been my home for so many years, I could not suppress a tear or two from creeping to my eye. The sun, shedding its soft, bright rays on the gathered graduates seemed to accentuate the glistening tears on their cheeks and the heaviness of their hearts, hidden beneath the new white gowns. All had been my comrades through the years of study and play. Now we were separating, each on her own path of life, and adventuring forth to what the future might hold in store.

Flitting through my mind flew many of the pleasant memories that those ivy-covered walls held for me. The beautiful spring and

fall days spent walking through the extensive grounds, warm summer days studying by the brook, dance evenings filled with streamers and misty gowns, and last but not least, Bootsy, our house mother, who, for all her lisles and stiff collars, had a kind, sympathetic heart ready to receive problems of any sort. Most any night a light could be seen in her room and the shadow of two heads talking, crying or laughing together, regardless of the hour.

Maybe the most precious memory was that of the chapel, hidden away midst a grove of pines. The quiet, inspiring services held each Sunday seemed to start and end the weeks in a wonderful way. The sweet notes of the choir which floated over the fresh morning air, praised God and thanked Him. In my heart now, I thanked Him again for helping me through the important years here, that would stand by me in years to come.

With one final glance, I brushed back a tear, bade farewell to my friends, and picked up my case. This was my start on a new life, and my farewell to school.

LINDA CHAUVIN,
Form 5B.

Spring

Spring is here; the grass is green;
The farmers against their fences lean,
A plowing their fields in the bright summer sun.

At five o'clock their work is done.
The children are playing out in the street
In bright summer dresses all clean and neat.
The church bells are ringing, far and near;
Winter has gone; Spring is here.

SANDRA MOFFAT,
Form 5C 2.

Pen Pal

Two years ago, I wrote an essay on Canadian school life that was published in a Japanese youth newspaper. The result was that letters poured in from scores of Japanese teenagers, asking me to write to them, and expressing a desire to communicate with someone in the western world. I even got a letter carefully written in Japanese!

The letter below, written in a fine, upright hand on very dainty paper, is from a thirteen year old school girl who writes to me regularly.

VICKY BRAIN.

3-15 Kitabata-cho
Nakamura-Ku
Nagoya
January 22

Dear Vicky

Thank you very much for your Christmas card. It is very fine.

Now I did my worst. I am ashamed myself. I'm sorry that I didn't write to you for long. From now on I will write to you in simple English at least once a month.

Now I am working hard so that I may pass the examinations. The examinations (entrance examinations) begin on the 17th of March.

Our teachers said, "You need not be afraid of examinations if you study your every day lessons well." But I am afraid.

The examination is drawing near.



In Japan 1959 year is Bird year.

Now, I'll write about Japanese education. In Japan children go to school for the first time when they are six (seven) years old. All the people of Japan are under compulsory education. Children grow in the right direction under the teacher's guidance at school. The education system in Japan has changed very often. Co-education has prevailed after the war. And school facilities have been improving gradually. I will write about Journey.

Your friend,
V. SUMI.

Bananas or Apples?

Characters: A stiff and elderly woman (Miss Bertha Twitty) An old and stupid storekeeper (Tony)

Props: A backdrop of a store with a fruit store in front. A stand with fruit in it. A "Specials" sign advertising bananas and apples.

Costumes: Tony has a snazzy, red, striped shirt. His apron was at one time white in colour. He wears a matching red armband with an artificial flower on it. A moustache is vitally important.

Miss Twitty wears a little blue hat and carries an umbrella. She has on a 1910 type dress with a bustle, puffed sleeves and a high collar.

Make-up: Tony has black hair which is greasy and uncombed. His face shows a good week's "stubble" on it.

Miss Twitty has grey hair worn in a bun. Her spectacles are thick and hornrimmed. Lines are to be made around her mouth giving the impression that she has few teeth.

As the scene opens old Tony is busy arranging cans on a shelf. He drops a can and at this moment the stately figure of Miss Twitty enters the room (down stage right). She walks to a shelf and inspects some bananas. She then peers through her thick spectacles that are perched precariously at the tip of her nose, nudges the storekeeper and asks in a dominating tone:

Miss Twitty: These bananas, are they fresh?

Tony: Yes, Miss Twitty

Miss Twitty: (she pinches bananas and turns them over peering critically at them and finally snaps) I'll take them, young man.

Tony: Yes, Miss Twitty, I will wrap them now.

Miss Twitty: (as the storekeeper is wrapping the bananas Miss T. pokes and pinches some apples and finally says) I have changed my mind. Give me apples instead.

Tony: Yes, Miss Twitty. Here you are, Miss Twitty. That will be ten cents, Miss Twitty.

(Miss Twitty disregards the storekeeper's last statement and walks briskly to the door holding the bag of apples, Tony

clears his throat and says in a much louder tone)

I said it will be costing you a dime, Miss Twitty.

Miss Twitty: (Swinging her bustle around, she snaps) Ten cents, for what, may I ask young man?

Tony: (in an exasperated tone) For the apples, Miss Twitty.

Miss Twitty: My, my, but I gave you the bananas for the apples.

Tony: Well, for the bananas then. (He is starting to get a purplish pink).

Miss Twitty: Well I fail to see how you could possibly arrive at that conclusion. You have the bananas. (She picks up the apples and stiffly walks out leaving Tony aghast, his mouth open and his eyes wide and quite unbelieving.)

CURTAIN . . .

BONNIE VOLK,
Form 5C2.

On Noticing People

I was wondering if any of you have ever noticed a person and immediately a vague memory comes back to you of someone or something.

I don't suppose I should say this, but it seems to me that when I am in church, gazing around the pews, I always stumble upon a face that brings back a childhood recollection, or see some one that has a mannerism that strikes me as being funny.

I'll never forget the woman who sits across the aisle from me at church. The oftener I look at her and the longer I think about her appearance, the more hysterical I become. This is really quite embarrassing. After each hymn she scrounges down in her many chins and peeks at everybody through curranty eyes. The more I look at her, the more she reminds me of Mr. Toad of "Wind in the Willows," especially the time he was dressed as a washerwoman to escape from jail.

Then of course there is the woman who sits in front of us at church. This time I can laugh, and believe me, I do. This person sounds like a retired opera singer. The only

trouble is . . . I don't think she has a hymn book with the music in it because, while the rest of the congregation is singing the tune, she is singing her own little composition way up in the clouds.

You might think that people don't notice the little habits you have, but they do. Take the habit you may have of curling your hair around your finger, or putting your glasses on and off. People certainly do notice your habits.

Take for instance, the time at the dance. It must have been very embarrassing to the girl it happened to. The Master of Ceremonies announced that the next dance was to be a spot dance, and after the record had stopped he had to have someone to follow his directions to find the person on the spot. This is what he said: "Would the boy and girl standing under the green balloon please follow my directions? That's the couple—the girl is just patting her hair."

Well, that was the first thing he noticed. Not that she was wearing a green skirt and a white blouse, but that she was patting her hair.

Then of course, there are people who have habits that are embarrassing to others. Like the man who got on the street car and in a loud voice began to tell everyone in general that the young people of today are very ignorant and don't know how to dress. The trouble was that he was looking straight at a young girl who was wearing a bright turquoise coat with black slacks underneath.

I think that some people and their habits and the memories they bring back are very funny . . . Wouldn't you love to know what I think of you?

KATHERINE SCHELL,
Form 5C 1.

On My Own for the First Time

It is a wonderful feeling to be going away by yourself for the first time, that is, without your parents. My sister, a friend, and I were going to Quebec city for the weekend; we had planned the trip for weeks, what clothes we would take, where we would stay, and

now—the glorious moment was at hand! It mattered little that we could take only one suitcase each, and that we were only travelling by bus; the important thing was that we had paid for the trip out of our own money and that we had thought of it, independent of our parents.

Of course, Susan and Mickey, experienced travellers that they are, were rather blasé about the whole idea, but for me, this was the supreme adventure. The first time I had ever been away from my parents (except for the time I spent in the hospital with scarlet fever, when I was seven), and I was going to make the most of it! I commandeered the seat next the window, and began to chat with my neighbours in a much-travelled, sophisticated manner, to show how used I was to this sort of thing. I kept it up until Susan sent Mickey to sit beside me in order to calm me down.

After that, everything went according to plan until we reached Montreal, and I lost a quarter in the baggage locker. I marched straight into the baggage room, and demanded to know *why* I had lost it. I think I must have been talking rather clearly, for Susan and Mickey were cowering in the background, their faces purple, trying to pretend they did not know me. I must have embarrassed the porter too, because he opened the locker very fast, and put my suitcase in.

We then went and restored ourselves with a huge lunch, preparatory to our departure on the express to Quebec. The rest of the trip was comparatively peaceful, so Susan and Mickey informed me later, except, that is, for an altercation with the bus-driver who wasn't going to let me on the bus because I had torn my ticket.

VICKY BRAIN,
Form 6U.

The Cost of Carelessness

Carelessness is one blight that has plagued man from the earliest civilizations. Ever since man has had a brain there have been times when he has allowed himself to slacken and

grow careless. In many cases the course of history has been changed by carelessness. Many lives have been lost and will be lost from it.

The recent sea tragedy of the crash between the "Andrea Doria" and the "Stockholm" is a startling example of carelessness in spite of all our modern inventions. About fifty lives were lost, millions of dollars' worth of personal possessions are gone, and the pride of the Italian merchant navy is at the bottom of the Atlantic. The full story is not yet known, but that demon, carelessness, played a large part.

In our daily lives we do many careless things which often have drastic results. A stove left on may end in burning tragedy, or a roller skate on the doorstep in a broken leg. On the lighter side, carelessness in speech often produces amusing slips by radio announcers. Even at this moment some careless mistake is probably being made on an examination!

However we look at it, the cost of carelessness is always great. Most of the time a little thought would avoid it. This subject has been discussed by the most learned men down through the centuries, but the world has never been without it. A life devoid of carelessness is unimaginable. This human failing will exist till the end of time, unless the mind of man undergoes an immense change.

FRANCES DRURY,
Form 5A.

What Constitutes Real Success

First let us look carefully at that word "success". What really does it mean? If you have three cadillacs and a yacht, does that mean you are a great success? No, I do not believe that this is its true meaning.

Every man in life has a goal, whether it is to get a higher mark in Latin or to become president of the United States; it is, nevertheless, a goal,—one for which he is constantly striving. When he achieves this goal he sets himself another, perhaps a harder

one, and consequently he always has something to which he may attach himself and his life is never a meaningless void. The higher standard a man sets himself the better, for if things come too easily, how quickly the drive and desire to achieve something vanishes. If a man can look back over his life and, seeing all the different goals he has set himself, can honestly say he tried his *best* for each (whether they were ever achieved or not is immaterial) then he may be called a success. For after all it is such a trivial thing to impress your neighbour, and so important to know you have satisfied yourself.

SARAH JENNINGS,
Form 5A.

The Commonwealth Youth Movement

Perhaps many of you have noticed a poster on the bulletin board in the hallway about the Commonwealth Youth Movement. This particular project is termed the Quest as it involves a trip whose purpose is to find out more about Commonwealth countries and to bring about a closer understanding among them. This summer the group intends to visit England, Ireland and Scotland, with an extended trip to Paris. In August groups of Commonwealth youth are coming to Canada and continuing to Virginia to attend the celebration of the 350th anniversary of the arrival of the English. The trips are organized by Major F. J. Ney, who has been in youth organizations for very many years.

It occurred to me that an account should be written about some of the experiences of those girls who represented Elmwood in last year's group.

On July the third, 1956, Joan Yates, Barbara Kennedy and I with twenty-five other Canadian boys and girls from seven provinces set sail from Montreal on the new Empress of Britain. At Liverpool we met boys and girls from Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Gambia and Cyprus. We immediately boarded buses, and that afternoon passed through the lovely lake district of England and saw the place where Wordsworth sat to write his poem

"Daffodils". Our first stop-over was in Carlisle where we visited the old Roman wall, Hadrian's Wall, and where we were so close to Scotland that the Mayor seemed interested only in impressing us with "those terrible Scots". When we crossed the border we found the Scotsmen talked just as much about "those Englishmen".

In Scotland we found ourselves assembled at the castle, Meikleour House, belonging to the Marquess of Lansdowne, where we met our various hosts and hostesses for our stay in Perthshire. Much to our surprise we found we were all billeted in castles. We were summoned to dinner by huge gongs, and there were suits of armour, family banners and other relics of skirmishes of the past. Joan Yates and I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Rattray in their castle Craighall, Rattray, Blairgourie. We found to our amazement they still had the family banner that was flown in 1066 and that Sir Walter Scott had written part of his novel "Waverley" there.

In this home, as elsewhere, we heard many weird stories of ghosts, and were sure we heard the ghost that wanders about Craighall as he drags the master of the dwelling of generations before through the house to hurl him over the cliff to the river below. We learned that you must be willing to see a ghost before you actually do, and that you are most likely to see one at times of joy, sorrow, anger or fear. We heard also of the famous "Green Lady" who haunts Ardblair Castle, and to whom the lady of the house says good-morning each day on the stairs as the ghost passes through her. This seems difficult to believe, but it was the lady herself who told us.

From Perthshire we continued as far north as Edinburgh, all the while staying in homes and learning how the people live. Next we visited Northumberland, where we stayed at Ford Castle with memories still fresh in our minds of Gretna Green. In Newcastle-Upon Tyne we visited the ship yards of Vickers-Armstrong-Walker, where, among many things, we saw workmen constructing the new Canadian Pacific liner, "Empress of

England." There too the Lord Mayor welcomed us to his home, Mansion House, in robes of ceremony. At Southwell we took part in folk and square dancing on the "village green", and at Nottingham we visited the Major Oak in Sherwood Forest.

In London we joined with the representatives from England, Scotland, Kenya and Zanzibar, who travelled with us until we left, for Canada. The highlight of our nine days in London was the rare privilege, by invitation of the Queen, of witnessing the Changing of the Guard from within the forecourt at Buckingham Palace. On the way to Battle and Hastings we saw the famous Canterbury Cathedral, where Thomas A. Beckett was killed. In Salisbury we held a conference in the Guildhall and visited Stonehenge. Glastonbury has the "Holy Thorn" on a hill where Joseph of Aramathea is said to have planted his staff on a hill, whereupon a thorn tree immediately grew.

While in Gloucester, after having visited the famous Roman Baths at Bath, we went to Stratford-upon-Avon to see a performance of Othello at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. The last place we visited in England was Shrewsbury, from where we made a coach tour of Northern Wales. At Capel Curig there we were addressed by Lt.-Col. Sir John Hunt of the Conquest of Everest.

It was from Shrewsbury that we dispersed on July 24 to return home in our separate directions. I was among the small group of Canadians that continued on to Gibraltar and Spain. We flew, via Paris, to Madrid, where we were guests for three exciting days in the homes of members of the Canadian community under arrangements made by the Canadian Ambassador, His Excellency M. Jean Mayrand. After three more memorable days in the homes of officers and officials at Gibraltar we joined a coach tour of south-western Spain. There we visited Granada via the Andalusian coast, crossed the foothills of the Sierra Nevada to Alicante and Valencia. From there, travelling inland through the mountains, we reached Saragoza from where we flew

back to London and returned to Montreal on the Empress of Scotland.

These are a few of the highlights of a perfect summer. As a result many more letters now travel between Canada, Cyprus, and West Africa, and a small fraction of the Canadian population now have more coloured slides, booklets, pamphlets and happy memories than they had a year before. We all hope that the girls who represent Elmwood in future years will learn as much about other members of the Commonwealth and make as many friends from many parts of the world.

ESTHER PRUDHAM,
Form 6 Upper.

FOOTNOTE

So you think you do not believe in ghosts! Here is a letter from Scotland which was received after the above account was written. It is a very convincing theory of a Major Blair Oliphant who lives in Ardblair Castle, Blairgowrie, Perthshire. To quote:

"For what it is worth, here is my theory on ghostly apparitions which I apparently expounded on a previous occasion and which I still hold. My idea is that "ghosts" are not supernatural, but a natural phenomenon which can be explained by science.

Suppose some person has undergone a strong emotion—unhappy or otherwise; the result of this emotion could be "photographed" on the ether and a picture can subsequently be developed out and become visible (possibly only to specially sensitive persons.) This picture or "ghost" may have some effect on its beholder such as fright or interest, but it is very significant that the person seeing the ghost has no effect on it—at least not in any authentic account in my experience.

This fact is additional evidence that the apparition is merely a picture (possibly only in the minds of the beholders) and that the effect of this picture is similar to that evolved by a movie film on an uncivilized native seeing one for the first time. This native experiences various emotions; he may try to touch the picture—he may be scared. In fact he behaves much in the manner of one seeing a ghost.

If one admits the possibility of this "picture" theory, then one has, logically, to dismiss the popular idea that a "ghost" is a spirit-form of someone dead. Even if one believes that a "spirit" can become visible to material man—surely there can not be "spirit clothes" or, for that matter "spirit-body". One cannot mix spiritual and material things in my opinion and I feel sure that the "picture" is just caused by a wave length on the ether.

This theory is, in no way, incompatible with a belief in the hereafter or with a superior existence which is probably the *only real* existence. But I personally feel, that a spiritual hereafter cannot be materially apprehended by mortal man. Appreciated perhaps but not physically available to his material senses which are merely mortal, transient and unreliable!

Anyway there are "ghosts" of people still living and there are "ghost pictures" of coaches, horses and even motor-cars to which no-one will want to attribute a spirit existence.

So think of "ghosts" as a form of T.V. not yet fully understood.

Anyway how do you know who *are* ghosts! I am sure that in a crowded city one frequently passes and observes people who are not there but who are real enough in appearance to excite no special notice.

How about the friend of one of my neighbours, John Elphinstone (cousin of the Queen) who went to pay a call on a certain house; while waiting in the drawing room for his Hostess to appear, he walked out of the French window into the garden where he observed a monk, walking down the garden path and disappearing through a wall! Somewhat shaken by this, he approached an old man wheeling a barrow in the garden, in order to tell him about the disappearing monk. As he approached the old man, who he presumed was a gardener, the old man dissolved—barrow and all!

Thoroughly un-nerved by now he rushed back into the house in time to see a tall woman

dressed in grey walk upstairs and vanish through the wall!

When his Hostess arrived—her agitated guest recounted his experiences to which she merely said,—“Yes, it is unusual to see all three of them on the same afternoon.”

They were all, apparently, often seen and they looked so real that frequently they excited no comment from those who did not know about them—a true story!

The Green Lady has not been active lately and the last time she did anything was when she came into the bedroom in which our young sailor guest was sleeping.

There is, however, something or someone who walks up on the lawn in front of this house. It is quite invisible and inaudible to all of us living here but it has a remarkable effect on the dogs who follow its movement and progress with mixed anger and fear until it passes by. As the Green Lady is alleged to have drowned herself in the said pond, it may well be her! The theory is that she is looking for her young man who came to a sudden and violent end about 300 years ago.”

Brotherhood Week

The following two items are speeches that were delivered at Morning Prayers during Brotherhood Week.

* * * *

As Madame Krupka has already mentioned, I come from Finland. Finland is in many ways similar to Canada, and one of these ways is that we have, as you do, two races living together, each with its own language. In Finland the two races are the Finnish and the Swedish. The Finnish language is completely different from the Swedish, as it is derived from another class of languages, the Finno-Ugric. The reason that there are Swedes in Finland is that Finland belonged to the Kingdom of Sweden for about seven hundred years.

One people living together with another one for many years has several advantages. One is that most of us know both Finnish

and Swedish. This knowledge of two languages makes it much easier for us to learn other ones.

Another advantage is that we must learn to understand each other's customs. This is very important if we are to get along well together. Knowing thoroughly the customs of another people very different from yourself makes you much less narrow-minded in dealing with foreigners and in learning to understand them.

Finland is a very poor country, but in spite of this our literature and other arts have a very high standard. Some of you may have seen modern Finnish glass vases; you may, for example, know of the author Mila Waltaki, whose book called “The Egyptian” was for many months a best-seller in the United States, and whose new book, “The Etruscan”, is on the best-seller list right now. You probably have heard of our famous composer, Jean Sibelius.

To a great extent, our high standard of culture is reached because of the mixture of two different races. Each gives a little to the other, and takes a little from it. The benefit is mutual, and the result is a combination of



the best aspects of both cultures, which has turned out to be very successful.

The Finns and the Swedes living together peacefully in a small country has been a very difficult thing to achieve. But as the difficulties are disappearing we see what a very wonderful thing living in brotherhood can be.

HELENA VON NUMERS

Form 6 Upper.

★ ★ ★

Santayana said, "To love one's country, unless that love is quite blind and lazy, must involve a distinction between the country's actual condition and its inherent ideal: and this distinction in turn involves a demand for changes and for effort."

What is Canada's ideal? There are many facets to it, but this week we are concerned with brotherhood. What then is brotherhood? Brotherhood is a community of feeling. Brotherhood is an ideal which unfortunately may never work because even for all our modern wonders, the world still consists of humans. But we must try to make it work, though we may believe it never will. Nevertheless there are many improvements to be worked for.

There are deep-rooted resentments, sharp differences in outlook and great disagreements which cannot be overcome easily. There are many "great gulfs" between people in this country. There are all the barriers of age, separating one generation from another, of religion and of culture so wide that we hardly seem to live in the same world with people whose backgrounds are so different from our own.

How may we stimulate brotherhood? I don't mean we in general but each one of us in particular.

We must break down our own prejudices. Prejudice is a hasty judgement formed before facts have been gathered and assessed. It is judgement without facts and quite probably in defiance of them. One way to reduce prejudice is to get to know people. Some people say they don't like certain persons they don't know just because they are "different". It is

difficult to harbour prejudice against an individual you really know, for then you are judging him on his merits as a person. You cannot hammer at any idea year in and year out without making a real impression. You must try to reduce prejudice and strive for tolerance.

How often it is that people meet but really cannot meet. They do not understand each other. It seems to be rooted in our nature, this inability to understand each other, and it seems to be part of our history and part of the tragedy of human life. It grows out of wrongs too long remembered, out of selfishness too long nurtured and out of dreams too long unfulfilled. Unless we are willing to listen to what others have to say, unless we believe that what they say is important, we cannot meet.

Do all the people in Canada have a true home here? Are the people Canadians rather than too close adherents of national groups? If this is to be a truly Canadian nation, the people must be integrated. There are large groups of Ukrainians, Doukhobors, Italians and Chinese to name a few. Why? Because Canadians are not kind or welcoming enough. They do not accept readily. I do not say we must become one great hodge-podge, but rather live side by side in harmony with one another with tolerance and respect.

Santayana also said, "But for the excellence of the typical single life no nation deserves to be remembered more than the sands of the sea." We must give each individual a chance. No one should be cut off from the rest of Canada by race and religion.

"But East is East, and West is West,
and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently
at God's great judgement seat;
But there is neither East nor West,
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
though they come from the ends of the
earth.

SHEENA EWING,

Form 6 Upper.



SENIOR ART — JOAN GRIER



SENIOR ART — DIANE MANION



INTERMEDIATE ART—ELSA FRAYNE



INTERMEDIATE ART—SHEILA HAUGHTON



JUNIOR ART—ELIZABETH RAYMONT



JUNIOR ART—JUDY REID

Junior Literary Section

Quebec

I am going to tell you about Quebec. Quebec is the oldest city in Canada. Its population is ninety percent French and about ten percent English.

The people try very hard to keep their city as ancient as possible. The smallest and oldest house in Quebec is the house of Montcalm. They still have his skull preserved in a convent.

There are two levels in Quebec; one is Upper Town and the other is Lower Town. You can take an elevator from one to the other but you can drive too.

The streets are very narrow there, much different from Ottawa. One street is so narrow, you can stand on one side and shake hands with your neighbour on the other side easily.

Quebec is known for all its statues and history, especially for the Plains of Abraham, where the battle between Wolfe and Montcalm was fought. There is a Wax Museum where you see all the city's history in wax. If you are spending a few days in Quebec you can go all around in a tour car with a guide.

Quebec has many gates. That is because there have been a lot of wars fought there and the people had to build forts which gradually melted away, and only the gates are left.

If there is any place you would want to visit, it should be Quebec.

MARILYN ROSS, Form 4C.

The Harp

The harp is one of the most ancient musical instruments. It was invented by Jubal. Once an arrow was shot from a bow making a tinging sound, so he added more strings and plucked them. Plucking means pulling with sudden force or effort. We pluck the harp with our fingers.

There are two kinds of harps,—the best known is perhaps the Irish Harp. It has be-

come, like the Shamrock, an emblem and is on the flag of Ireland. It has also been a favorite with kings, who used to have minstrels to play for them, similar to the Irish Bards. The second harp is the "Modern Double Action Harp". It is larger than the Irish Harp and consists of forty-six or forty-eight strings, seven pedals with three notches and three positions. When at the top position the forks are open, putting the harp in C-flat major. When the pedals are in the middle, one fork tightens, putting the harp in C major. When at the bottom, the second fork tightens enough to put the harp in C-sharp major. When music is written in a key other than natural it is possible to put the harp in that key.

If you see a harp, I hope you will now be able to tell how it is played.

VICKI CRAIG, Form Upper 4B

The Eskimos

I have an Eskimo doll. He has many clothes. He has a hood and a long coat and trousers. The mothers carry their babies all over the place. One day the mother took the baby to the Trading Post. They traded bear and seal skins for guns and spears. They used blubber for lamps.

It is cold in the Eskimo land, even in summer. When hunting the Eskimos kill deers, seals and white whales. One day they went on a seal hunt. They went in their kayak and pulled the seal home. They eat by their lamps, the kudlicks. They trade for big needles. It is very cold there.

AUDREY LAIDLER, Form 3

The First Seeing-Eye Dog

The first seeing-eye dog was a German Shepherd. Her name was Buddy and she came from Switzerland. Being the first guide dog in the United States she came into the spotlight of publicity.

In the year 1928 a young blind man called Morris Frank, from Nashville, Tennessee,

read in the Saturday Evening Post about how Germans had trained these Shepherd dogs to take the place of man's eyes. With the aid of these intelligent dogs, blind people could live almost normal lives.

Due to the family circumstances Morris Frank had to go to Switzerland alone to be trained with Buddy. He spent time there learning to give commands and trust his dog entirely. When the time grew near for him to graduate, he talked to the trainer about bringing guide dogs to America.

After he arrived in his home town, he opened a small office, and through charitable agencies for the blind, obtained the money to import the first few dogs.

Morris Frank's original trainer came to the United States to keep the project going, and stayed for three years. In this time the school had trained fifty dogs and students and not one of them had had an accident.

Buddy died a natural death in 1938 at the age of twelve. At that time 350 dogs were already guiding their masters.

Today there are close to three thousand seeing-eye dogs and every one of their masters had to go to the United States of America to be trained with them.

It is considered that the seeing-eye dog is the noblest among all dogs.

JOHANNE FORBES, Form Upper 4B.

The Story of Hans Christian Anderson

Hans Anderson was the greatest of all writers of fairy tales; his mind was like a wonderland of beauty.

Although he was a Dane, we don't think of him as one; you see he belongs to the world. Yes, Hans was a writer for children, but adults in all the civilized parts of the world enjoy his tales too.

Hans Anderson was born in Denmark in the year 1805, the son of a poor cobbler. He grew up to be a sensitive, highly strung boy, and to top things off, his parents were not strict enough about his attending school. On account of Hans being so sensitive, his mother wrote a note to the teacher saying not to

punish Hans for anything. His teacher, forgetting this once, gave Hans a slight tap with the rod; Hans then picked up his books and walked out of school.

His mother sent him to another school where he met a tiny girl who told him her ambition was to be a dairy maid in a huge castle. In fun Hans said, "You shall be a dairy maid in my castle when I am a gentleman."

The little fairies of the brain were already working on Hans to make him tell strange stories about himself. He told the girl that he was of noble birth and that fairies had changed him into a poor cobbler's son while he was yet a baby in his cradle. The girl only sneered and said he was half-witted like his grandfather.

When Hans was eleven years of age his father died, but it was not long before Hans had a stepfather.

Hans soon had to think of making his way into the world. He set off in a coach with a bundle packed by his mother and a sum of only nine dollars. He first tried his luck in Copenhagen as a ballet dancer and an actor, but did not succeed.

Hans had many a sad and hungry day before he was famous. He had grown into an old bachelor before he could ever afford to marry, so he had no children of his own to listen to his fairy stories, which have charmed children of all the world.

Hans Christian Anderson, the son of a poor cobbler, died in 1875, but the great writer of fairy tales, Hans Anderson, still lives in the hearts of people all over the world. Have any of you heard the stories of the ugly duckling and the little mermaid? Without this great writer these stories would never have existed.

MARJORIE FELLER, Form Upper 4B.

Pile O' Bones

There is a city in Saskatchewan called Regina. It was once named Pile O' Bones. You are probably wondering how it got this odd name. In very early days the Indians

were settled on the plains, where food and water were scarce. The Indians found a place where there was a large creek. They camped in the bushes beside it for shelter. There were great herds of buffalo on the prairies, so when the Indians needed food they trapped buffalo in a pound or corral where they could slaughter them in large numbers. The Indians killed the buffalo in the same place every fall, and over the years there came to be a big Pile O' Bones. People called the settlement that grew up there "Pile O'Bones".

Pile O' Bones was later named Regina by Princess Louise. This was in honour of her mother Queen Victoria. Regina in Latin means Queen. Today Regina is often called "The Queen City". It is also the capital of Saskatchewan.

JANE RODGER, Form Lower 4B.

My Little Clown

I know a little clown,
His coat is all in brown;
He has a funny frown,
And he always beds down.
He has a little case
That he carries every place.
He kept within this case
All the things to put on his face.
He has a ball and bat
And a funny little hat
When he sits upon his mat
That he uses in his act.

LYNN WILLIAMSON, Form 3.

The Humane Society to the Rescue

I have a little chestnut horse and I call her "Chessy". Chessy and I get along very well together. I bring her an apple or sugar cubes every day when we go riding. Sometimes we go on picnics together. I brush her down once a day and sometimes twice. "Chessy" will take me to school and bring me back; she always knows when to come and get me.

One day during the holidays we decided to explore. (I shall always regret that day.)

We had been travelling for about two hours when we decided to stop and eat our lunch by a cool stream under a large tree. We had just got on our way when it started to cloud up.

It turned out to be a regular storm. I rode very quickly, but I discovered we couldn't make it so, when I was just about to rein in, Chessy stumbled and fell. I was thrown over her. When I woke up, although I was dizzy, I was able to reach Chessy who was trying to get up. The sun was out and I noticed a large hole beside her. I tried yelling but it did no good. Finally I left her and went to the farm. Mother phoned the Humane Society and they came and took Chessy away. I went to see her the next day and found she had a broken leg. I felt it was partly my fault.

In two months Chessy was able to walk, although it would be quite a while before I would be able to ride her.

Well, we finally got together and were able to ride again. I had learned a lesson—to turn back when it seems to be clouding over. I never did that again, and now I know that God cares for all things great and small.

VICTORIA CRAIG, Form Upper 4B.

The Great Dane

The story of a Great Dane is full of danger, fun and bravery. It began many centuries ago in a Roman arena. It was the day of a lion fight. Many people came to the ring because this was no ordinary fight between two lions, but a fight between a lion and a dog. The big dog was the same colour as a lion, and he leapt and ran with the swiftness of the King of Beasts.

Even though the match was uneven, the dog won. After this great fight the people shouted that this was no ordinary dog, but the king of dogs. So the Dane was called the Great Dane of the King.

Many centuries later in Germany this happened again. This time his enemy was a boar running wild in the Black Forest. A dog's teeth are no match for a boar's tusks.

Yet the Dane learnt to spin and dodge and hold the boar until the hunters rode up with bows and arrows.

By the year 1600 boar hunting became a sport of kings and nobles. In one season a hunting party with a pack of hounds actually killed 1,100 boars. It wasn't very long until these ferocious beasts were practically wiped out. Then the great dogs would tackle bear, wolf and many other animals until the forest was safe . . . even for Little Red Riding Hood.

You may think the Great Danes are not very good pets because they are so big. One owner said to me, "My dog, King, scorns toys but loves to play with dogs and cats. When he looks up from playing with them he seems to say, 'Is this so unthinkable? After all kings do have pets, you know.'" The lady said, "But of course kings have pets. It is their divine right."

MARGOT TOLLER, Form Upper 4B.

Dawn

When the sun gets up from bed
The colours glow in lovely shreds.
They glow in pink and azure blue,
Then all blend with yellow too.
Then the leaves, which bow and frown
Say "Today the sun has come around."

TERESA CHICHERI, Form Lower 4B.

Too Many Cooks Spoil the Broth

One sunny day in June, Tim, a ten year old boy with blue eyes and black hair, sat on the back porch steps when he heard his mother call him. "Tim", she said, "I want you to paint the fence with this white paint, please. And no arguing!" Tim set out with the paint rather gloomily towards the fence. Suddenly, as if a dark room had been lighted, he had a bright idea. He gathered all the boys around the noisy neighbourhood and asked them to help him. "Of course we'll help you", said one of the boys, "we'll get a paint brush each". Half an hour later the job was finished and Tim went back a few yards to see how it looked. Imagine the surprise he got! One part was far too dark and another

much too light. His mother suddenly came out and cried out, "Oh Tim! what have you done?" "Well", sighed Tim, "Too many cooks spoil the broth".

MARLENE SICOTTE, Form lower 4B.

My Party

My party was on Saturday. I was seven, I had three little girls at my house. We had lots of fun. We watched T.V. I had a cake and it was good we had candy too. At six o'clock every one went home.

VALERIE PULKER, Form I.

The Island

One early morning just when the sun was sending the colourful morning fairies dancing across the eastern sky to announce the coming of the new day, I set out from the coast of Ireland in my little row boat. I wanted to catch a few fish to sell.

While I was waiting for a bite, I kept myself company by watching the clouds sail by, changing them to imaginary figures.

Suddenly I saw a cloud shaped as a bell; the bell began to ring in a deep beautiful tone, and at the same time I began to sink into the water. I sank until I reached the bottom of the sea. But it wasn't the sea bottom I walked on! I was walking in the lost city of the sunken Island which the legend said had been sunk because the people were so wicked.

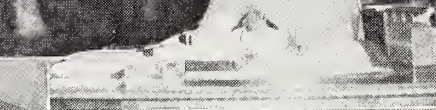
I saw the marvelous buildings and castles, and as I went through the streets my eye caught sight of a most beautiful church.

As I came nearer, I heard the sound of soft ringing from many voices, and I saw, like shades, many figures come walking past me. One of the shades dropped a glittering stone, shaped like a "T", at my feet. When I took it in my hand, I slowly began to move up through the water to the surface.

Once again I found myself in my row boat. The bell had gone but I knew I hadn't been dreaming for in my hand was the stone shaped like a "T".

I really had seen the lost city of the Island.

SISSER BUNCH, Form Upper 4B.





Exchanges

"B.C.S."—Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.
Ryerson Institute of Technology — Toronto, Ont.
"The Review"—St. Andrews' College, Aurora, Ontario.
"Ludemus"—Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.
"The Tallow Dip"—Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.
"The Branksome Slogan"—Branksome, Toronto, Ont.
"The Packet"—The Buckingham School, Cambridge, Mass.

"Balmoral Hall"—Winnipeg, Manitoba.
"Edgehill Review"—Edgehill, Windsor, Nova Scotia.
"The Review"—Trinity College, Port Hope, Ontario.
"Arta Ridleana"—Ridley School, St. Catharines, Ontario.
"Trinity University Review"—Trinity College, Toronto, Ont.
"The Study Chronicle"—The Study, Montreal, P.Q.

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LACHARITY, Gail; 470 Piccadilly Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

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PETRIE, Susan; 470 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

PETRIE, Ruth; 470 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

PRUDHAM, Esther; 8 Jackson Ave., Ottawa, Ontario.

PULKER, Valerie; 840 Bronson Ave., Ottawa, Ontario.

RAE, Constance; Mille Roche Road, Long Sault, Ontario.

RAYMONT, Elizabeth; 2 Maple Lane, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

REDPATH, Linda; 436 Strathcona Ave., Westmount, P.Q.

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RODGER, Martha; 375 Manor Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

ROSS, Marilyn; 6 Madawaska Drive, Ottawa, Ontario.

ROWLEY, Anne; 245 Sylvan Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

ROWLEY, Jane; 200 Howick Street, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

RUIZ, Angelica; 457 Laurier Ave. East, Ottawa, Ontario.

RYAN, Holly; 371 Mariposa Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

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SCOTT, Martha; 2244 Alta Vista Drive, Ottawa, Ontario.

SCOTT, Nancy; 395 Ashbury Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

SLEMON, Patricia; 275 Buchan Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

SIMMONS, Patricia; 2358 Orlando Ave., Alta Vista, Ottawa, Ontario.

SICOTTE, Marlene; 448 Main Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

SICOTTE, Nicole; 448 Main Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

SOUTHAM, Susan; 550 Prospect Ave., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

STORMS, Nancy; 32 Woodland Park Drive, Port Nelson, Ontario.

STRAUSS, Carolyn; Apt. 501, 10 Rosemount Ave., Westmount, P.Q.

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TOUGH, Carolyn; 174 Laverne Street, Eastview, Ontario.

VAN SCHELLE, Elisabeth; 161 Mariposa Ave., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

VOLK, Bonnie; 37 Farnham Crescent, Manor Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

VON NUMERS, Helena; 120 Buena Vista Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

WANSBROUGH, Ruth; 504 Driveway, Ottawa, Ontario.

WATT, Mary; 45 Lakeway Drive, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

WILLIAMSON, Lynne; 392 Ashbury Rd., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

WILSON, Judith; 310 Clemow Ave., Ottawa, Ontario.

WOODBURN, Merida; 56 Strathcona Ave., Ottawa, Ontario.

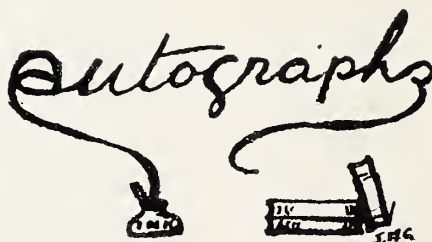
WOOD, Bonnie; 238 Buena Vista Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.

WRIGHT, Antonia; 235 Hemlock Road, Ottawa, Ontario.



School Calendar

- September 12**—School Re-opened.
October 5—Thanksgiving Weekend.
November 2—Hallowe'en Parties.
November 9—Parents' Tea.
November 23—House Dance.
November 28—Christmas Examinations began.
December 13—Christmas Play by Intermediates.
December 14—House Collections.
 Boarders' After-supper Pyjama Party.
December 17—School Concert and Christmas Supper.
December 18—Carol Service.
 Christmas Holidays began.
January 8—Classes commenced.
January 25—Miss Hansen of Norway addressed the Clubs.
January 31—Carleton College Day.
February 1—Free Day.
February 2—House Dance.
- February 8-11**—Long Weekend.
February 22—Formal Dance at Country Club.
February 24—Confirmation—Christ Church Cathedral.
March 1—House Plays.
March 8—Gym Demonstration.
March 22—Senior Play—Dramatics Club.
March 27—April 9—Spring Holidays.
April 18-22—Easter Holidays.
May 8—Fry Day.
May 9—Keller Day.
May 10—Nightingale Day.
May 20—Victoria Holiday.
May 21—Examinations began.
May 31—Sports Day.
June 5, 6—Closings.
June 12—Departmental Examinations began.



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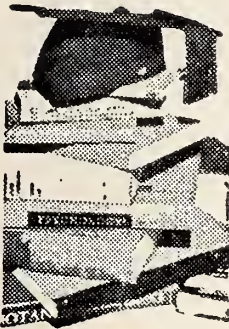
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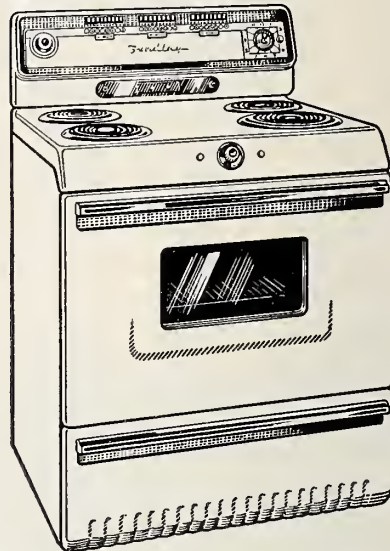
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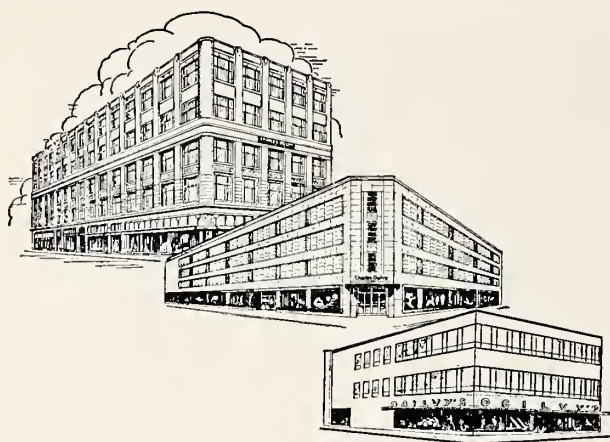
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